THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 65. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 728 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 1.

LATE SUMMER.

BY E. I. TENNEY.

Resplendent suns with golden light
On cornfields wide are growing;
Not yet the swallows wing their flight,
Not yet is Autumn's pencil bright
Among the woodlands showing.

By meadow-path and river-side
A thousand flow'rs remaining
Uplift their heads in gentle pride,
And spread their bloom and fragrance wide,
Though Summer days are waning.

No sadness is there in the hours,
No hint of change to wound us;
The hop-yards' richly-clustered bow'rs,
The orchard fruits and garden flow'rs,
Are glowing all around us.

But still we know the Summer's end
Is drawing daily nearer,
And Winter's gloom and storms impend;
Yet parting from a long-loved friend
Makes even love grow dearer,

The greatest joys our hearts may know
Like Summer days are given;
And, when they pass away, we know
The dreary Winter too must go,
And Spring will dawn in Heaven!

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"HOW did you make your way in here?" Norman asked.

"I told your man—capital valet you've got, Bruce!—that I was your brother, and, convinced by the likeness that I spoke the truth, he let me in!"

Lord Norman stood perfectly motionless, and looked at him for a moment or so in silence, then he pointed to the sofa—

"Sit down!" he said.

The visitor sank down and yawned, not an impertinent yawn, but one of sheer weariness and indolence, and looked up with a faint smile.

No one could have helped admiring the face, it was so handsome, careless, and debonnair!

"Listen to me, Raymond," said Lord Norman, regarding him gravely and almost sternly; "if anyone were told that I found you lying here in one of my rooms at midnight, they would conclude that, as you are no relation of mine, there was some tie of friendship or interest between us, would they not?"

"I daresay," assented Raymond pleasantly, with a nod of the head. "And as to friendship, I'm sure——"

"Hear me out, please!" said Lord Norman quietly. "As you know, there is no tie of relationship, and as to friendship—well, we were at school together——"

"Jolly days; awfully jolly days! Wish I was back there now!"

"So do I wish that you were, or anywhere else but here," said Lord Norman, with a half smile. "In one word, Raymond, beyond the fact that we were schoolfellows, that we spent some foolish youthful days together, and that you are said to resemble me, what claim have you upon me?"

"None at all!" responded the other, after a moment's pause. "Did I ever say that I had?"

"Acts speak more plainly than words sometimes. Why are you here in my rooms at midnight?"

"For the best of all possible reasons, my dear Bruce! Because I haven't anywhere else to go. I'd go to a hotel of course, if I could, but I haven't a penny—well, that's not quite true, for I think I have an odd sixpence. Now, a man can't walk into a hotel and order supper and a bed with only sixpence in his pockets!"

These words, spoken in the gravest and most pleasant fashion, seemed to turn Lord Norman's anger into a grim kind of amusement.

"Raymond, you are incorrigible——"

"I know it. I've known it for years."

"You will do no good and never come to any."

"And yet I have come to you to-night," murmured the other, with his head on one side.

Lord Norman frowned.

"I am in no mood for jesting. In a word this intrusion——" he stopped for the man had got up and was quietly buttoning his coat.

"Don't put yourself out in putting me out, my dear Bruce," he said easily. "Of course, if I am unwelcome I will go. I don't need to be told twice. You are looking well—and yet slightly worried: that comes of being a noble, you see! Now if you were simple Oscar Raymond, you would look as careless as I do. Good-night," and he took up the hat, a soft felt, much the worse for wear, and moved towards the door with the air of a visitor retiring after an afternoon call.

Lord Norman looked after him and bit his lip.

"Stop!" he said. "Where do you mean to go?"

Raymond had entered the other room, and then paused, looking over his shoulder.

"To the only place of which I possess the key—the street, Bruce—I beg pardon, Lord Norman! it will not be the first time that I have paced the pavement. Thank Heaven, it is not a cold night!"

"Wait," said Lord Norman, following him. "I will give you some money, Raymond. I am sorry that I spoke harshly to you; but when I saw you so unexpectedly, I remembered one or two similar visits that you had paid me in the old days; I could not forget that I had given you a large sum of money to enable you to leave the country, and——"

"I ought to have stopped there," Raymond finished for him. "So I ought. But, upon my word, Bruce, five years of stone-breaking is sufficient for any man——"

Lord Norman looked at the white hands significantly.

"When I say stone-breaking, of course I speak figuratively. If I haven't been stone-breaking, I have been doing things equally unpleasant."

"Well, I will give you some money," said Lord Norman. "I don't ask you to leave England again, but I do trust that your visits to me will be few and far between."

As he spoke,—not unpleasantly but with a grave smile,—he went to a cabinet, and unlocking a drawer, took out some money, and without counting it laid it on the table.

Raymond looked down at the tempting pile pensively.

"What a thing money is! I'm not altogether a bad man, Bruce, but I've often been tempted to do a dirty action for the sake of the little round pieces. Hitherto, I think I may say I have succeeded in keeping my hands clean, morally clean. To-night I am tired and hungry, and—well, if you had turned me out, as it looked as if you were going to do, I might have descended to—Heaven knows what."

His dark eyes gleamed for a moment in a peculiar fashion which transformed his handsome face into anything but a pleasant one; then with a sudden laugh he took up the money and dropped it into his coat pocket.

"Thanks!"

Lord Norman turned to the cabinet and took out a decanter and a glass and some biscuits.

As he did so his sleeve knocked down an ivory box, and a pack of cards fell out. While he was filling the glass with wine, Raymond's eyes were fixed on the cards, and the same gleam which had shone in them before now lit them up.

Slowly he drank the wine and set the glass down, then he stooped and picked up the cards, and in an absent kind of way, began to shuffle them.

"Do you remember the *écarte* we used to have, Bruce?"

Lord Norman nodded.

"You used to play a good game—almost as good as I did. It is some months since I touched a card."

He glanced at the clock, and turned his face, with a smile of peculiar winningness, half playful, half mournful, to Lord Norman's.

"Bruce, let us have one game! Just for auld lang syne! I'm much obliged for your money and your wine, but, upon my word, I should feel more grateful for a game than for anything else. Come, it won't take long! You don't look sleepy, though you look hipped and worried. A quiet game will take you out of yourself, and then send you to bed with your head cleared."

Lord Norman smiled grimly.

"Incorrigible!" he said. "Neither trouble nor time have changed you in the least, Raymond!"

"Don't let me have to say that they have changed you," retorted the other pleasantly. "Come, just one game! It is not much to ask. Humor the returned wanderer upon whom you have lavished your gold—by trying to win it back again!" and he laughed a soft, musical laugh that few would have been able to withstand.

Lord Norman, with a shrug of the shoulders, dropped into a chair beside the little table.

"You had better let me ring for some supper," he said.

"No, no!" answered Raymond; "I'll take a biscuit. I'm not hungry now. The sight of the cards has put fresh life into me."

"So might a suicide say at the sight of a bottle of laudanum," remarked Lord Norman. "Cards have been your ruin, Raymond."

Raymond laughed and broke his biscuit with the air of a man now thoroughly happy.

"I daresay. What does it matter? Men that are bound for Ruin can get there in various vehicles. If it hadn't been cards it would have been something else, no doubt. Your deal, Bruce."

Lord Norman dealt the cards carelessly. He had consented to play from a feeling of good-natured pity for the ne'er-do-well, but his thoughts were fixed on the tall grey-eyed Floris. Perhaps, as Raymond had said, he might forget her for a space.

The game proceeded, Lord Norman playing indolently, carelessly, Raymond playing carefully and with keen enjoyment, and yet managing to talk a little between whiles.

"Not married yet, Bruce?" he asked. "At least I judge not by your bachelor-like rooms."

Lord Norman shook his head.

"Time you were! That's a lovely face," glancing at the portrait on the wall; "is it a fancy portrait?"

"No," answered Lord Norman shortly.

Raymond smiled over his cards.

"A lovely face. There is something in that face which attracts a man's attention, a latent power, a promise of something out of the ordinary in the eyes. If I'm not mistaken, Bruce, the original of the portrait is a lady whom, for all her apparent indolence, it would be well not to thwart."

"I daresay," said Lord Norman, carelessly. "I mark the king!"

"What luck you have!" said Raymond, munching his biscuits. "Always had! By the way, isn't this awfully like old times? Do you remember how we used to play—from eight in the evening till nine the next morning? The 'Ecarte Twins,' they used to call us! Singular thing the resemblance between us! Did you ever hear of a similar likeness between two men who were in no way related, Bruce?"

"No!" answered Lord Bruce; "I don't know that I have; but I have no doubt that there are numerous cases."

"Only that the two men who are so like each other don't happen to meet, eh! It used to be great fun at college to find myself katooed to and toadied as the great Lord Norman. How mad the fellows used to look when I told them of their mistake! I don't suppose you enjoyed being mistaken for the commoner, Oscar Raymond, eh, Bruce?"

"I don't know that I cared."

"Not even when the tradespeople booked my purchase to you?" with a laugh. "No! you were a good fellow in those days, and so you are now; but I wish you hadn't such confounded luck! The game is yours; like the other three."

"We will leave off, if you like," said Lord Norman, languidly.

"Not for the world!" replied Raymond, with alacrity.

They continued playing: Raymond chatting, and Lord Bruce replying now and again in indifferent monosyllables; and the luck, which had smiled on the earl from the beginning, remained faithful until one solitary sovereign stood beside Raymond's elbow.

He was not a bit depressed, however, and threw the coin into the middle of the table, with a careless laugh.

"The last!" he exclaimed. "Let us see whether it will follow the others, or call them back!"

Strange to say, the luck seemed to change and game after game fell to Raymond. His face grew flushed, his eyes sparkled. A pile of gold and notes stood on the spot where the solitary sovereign had stood, and Lord Norman, with a smile, rose to fetch some more money from the cabinet.

As he did so he happened to glance in the small mirror over the mantel, and saw something that made him turn crimson and then pale and stern.

He said nothing, however, but brought some notes and gold from the cabinet and returned to his seat.

The game proceeded and reached a point at which the first man who scored would win.

Raymond held the cards in his hand, and looked up suddenly.

"Bruce," he said, "this must be our last game! What do you say now, double or quits?"

Lord Norman nodded, and with a dexterous movement Raymond swept his pile of money into the middle of the table.

"Double or quits!" he said. "By Heavens, if I win this I will swear never to play another game—until the next opportunity!" and he laughed. "Are you ready? It is your deal! Now I mean to play my very best."

"Just so," said Lord Bruce, "but before we begin, hadn't we better see whether all the kings are in the pack!" and very quietly but with terrible strength he seized Raymond's arm, forced it up, and took the king of diamonds from his sleeve.

There was a moment's awful silence, as

the two men looked into each other's eyes; like the reflection of one face, so alike were they in features, but fearfully unlike in expression.

Cold, haughty, freezing contempt shone on Lord Norman's, a wild, horrified, set look rested on the detected cheat's.

With a sudden shiver he fell back in his chair, and clutching the edge of the table, stared at Lord Norman as if waiting for him to speak, or worse, act.

Slowly Lord Norman got up and stood looking down at him.

"Raymond, you were once a gentleman—or I would throw you out of the window. Go!" and he pointed to the door.

Raymond got up slowly and as if with difficulty, and moistened his lips.

"Bruce, I swear to you that—that this is the first time——"

Lord Norman then smiled, a cold awful smile.

"Oh, do not think that I am about to deprive you of your booty, sir. You forget that I could not take it back;" and he pointed to the heap of money—"you have touched it!"

These dreadful words seemed to pierce to the cheat's heart. He gasped as if for breath.

"Take it, and begone!" said Lord Norman.

Raymond stretched out his trembling hands and drew the heap towards him, then with a sudden gesture of renunciation, he raised his dark eyes with the sinister gleam in them.

"No! I will not take it. But some day, perhaps, Lord Norman, you will wish that I had!"

"Go!" said Lord Norman, with weary contempt.

Raymond found his hat and went to the door, but having reached it he paused and looked round again.

"Bruce," he said, "I always hated you, but, before Heaven, I never hated you as I hate you to-night! Take care, or I shall pay you back for that insult! Take care lest the cheat, whose very touch you deem defilement, prove clever enough to win his revenge!"

Lord Norman eyed him with the same calm contempt, and without a word pointed to the door.

Without another word on his part either, the detected cheat passed out.

Lord Norman stood musing grimly for a few minutes. He had never really liked the man, though he had been intimate with him.

There had always been something behind the pleasant, indolent smile and careless debonnair manner which Lord Norman had mistrusted, and to-night the mask had slipped off, and the real nature of the man had discovered itself.

"Poor wretch!" murmured Lord Norman, standing over the pile of money. "I wish he had taken his plunder with him. It must have been a great temptation, and it seemed a light thing to hide away a single card. But for chance I should not have seen it. I wish to Heaven I had not."

He looked round the room; the atmosphere seemed morally tainted; he went and opened a window, then got his overcoat and hat and went out.

It was quite impossible to sleep in his present mood, and he thought he would take a turn in the now quiet streets.

As he passed westward, he came to a large house standing at the corner of a square.

There were lights in the windows and sounds of music floating out on the night air.

He looked up and saw two or three ghost-like figures in evening dress on the balconies, and stopping, glanced at his watch.

The house was the town residence of the Duchess of Cliefeden, the duchess who had so specially desired his presence.

There was just time to look in, and with a listless step he entered, passed through the crowd of footmen, who recognized him and made way with respectful alacrity, and ascended the stairs.

The immense saloon was still crowded, though the ball was drawing to a close, and Lord Norman could only make his way slowly through the throng of dancers and the knots of people chatting and laughing together.

He was known to almost everyone, and stopped now and again to exchange a word. Several of Lady Pendleton's guests had dropped in to the ducal ball, and amongst them Mr. Parks, who was talking to Lady Glenloona in a corner.

"How black Lord Norman looks," he said, "and how late he is. He will have to sue for her grace's pardon!"

Lady Glenloona laughed.

"He will not have to sue long. I am afraid we all spoil Lord Norman, and why, it would be rather hard to say, unless it is because he is so handsome. Oh, her grace will forgive him, you will see. But Lady Blanche!" and she smiled.

The old gossip nodded.

"Lady Blanche is smiling more sweetly than ever to-night," he said, "but I have seen her look towards the door once or twice, and with a dangerous glitter in her dark eyes."

Lady Glenloona laughed.

"She is infatuated with him, simply infatuated. I am very much surprised, for I should not have given her credit for so much warmth of feeling."

"They say," said Mr. Parks, "that every human being loves two persons in the world.

"Two? And they——"

"Are himself and someone who does not love him in return," responded Mr. Parks, epigrammatically.

Lord Norman found the duchess at last. Her grace was looking very sleepy and rather bored, and she almost frowned as Lord Norman came up.

Now a frown from the Duchess of Cliefeden is a very terrible thing, and most persons go down before it at once, and make haste to depart from its awful shadow; but Lord Norman did not appear to notice it, and bowed over her hand absently and impassively as if he had been in the room the whole evening.

"Aren't you ashamed to come near me?" asked her grace, trying to speak coldly but smiling faintly for all her annoyance, under the regard of the eyes which seemed to have the power of melting most women's anger at a glance.

"I am. Quite!" he said quietly. "And I have come to tell you so."

He remained for a few minutes, until he had won her forgiveness for his late appearance, then wandered on again.

"If you are looking for Lady Blanche you will find her in the south ante-room. At least she was there five minutes ago," said her grace; and he went to the ante-room leading to the grand staircase.

Seated on an ottoman was a very beautiful woman, just past girlhood. She was very fair with thick, silken hair that was almost the color of pure gold, its brightness being relieved by eyes of dark velvety brown, that at certain times were almost black, and eyebrows of rich auburn.

Her face, a delicate oval, was colorless, and set in an expression of almost statuesque calm.

She was tall and as graceful as only the woman of fashion who adds the delicate movements and gestures of art to those of nature can be.

Someone had said that it was like looking on a beautiful picture, or listening to fine music, to watch her cross the room. In addition to her grace and her beauty, Lady Blanche was possessed of that rarest gift in woman—an exquisite voice, capable of arresting the attention and keeping it as closely fixed while she spoke as if the hearer were under a spell.

And yet she spoke but seldom. She would sit and listen with her dark, velvety eyes fixed on one, or wandering round the room in a dreamy, absent fashion, but very few could ever woo her into a prolonged conversation.

The Seymours were immensely wealthy and a fierce siege had been laid to her heart and hand.

She was an heiress in her own right, with houses and lands enough to make the penniless sons go wild with longing. They thronged round her, and tried their hardest to win her, but to one and all she had only one answer—the soft, clear monosyllable—

"No!"

There was only one man in the world who would have received a "Yes" from her and that "Yes" he had not yet been distinctly and unmistakably asked for.

Lord Norman stood at the entrance of the ante-room, looking at the group within. They made quite a picture, the little circle of men—young and old—with the beautiful woman in the centre, leaning back, with her face moving to and fro listlessly, her dark eyes fixed dreamily on the ground, the colorless cheeks swept by the long, black lashes.

That she was not listening to the talk around her, even to the voice of the man who bent over her talking with respectful eagerness, was evident.

Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw Lord Norman standing in the doorway; it would be too much to say that she blushed, but the faintest of all possible colors flickered in her cheeks, and her eyes grew softer and lighter for a moment before they were lowered to the ground again.

Lord Norman advanced to the group, and the man who had been bending over her and endeavoring to engage her attention, looked up, saw who it was, and with a shrug of resignation at once straightened himself and made room.

Lord Bruce changed greetings with some of the men, then sank down beside Lady Blanche, and in a few minutes the little circle of courtiers, like jackals at the appearance of the lion, quietly vanished.

Now it was noteworthy that the two had not exchanged a word. She had held out her exquisitely shaped hand with a languid air of welcome, and he had taken it, held it for a moment, and relinquished it.

Even when her attendant fortune-hunters had left them alone, they still sat for quite a minute before either spoke.

Then Lady Blanche raised her eyes to his face, regarded him for a moment with calm contemplated intentness, and said in the softest, yet clearest murmur, as if the words left her lips reluctantly.

"Where have you been, Bruce?"

"I dined at Lady Betty's," he replied.

"Yes, I know," she said with a smile. "But since? It is nearly three."

"I have been to my rooms."

She was silent a moment, then listlessly she smoothed back a golden hair from her forehead with the extreme edge of her feathered fan and spoke again.

"Was it a nice party? Who was there?"

"Oh, Lady Glenloona, Parks, and the usual people, with some new one's I didn't know."

As he answered, he was thinking of Floris Carlisle; but he didn't mention her. Why should he? She was Lady Betty's companion, not a guest.

Slowly the dark eyes were raised to his face, rested there for a a second or two, as if they were reading every line in it, then the soft voice murmured listlessly—

"Has Lady Betty found a companion yet?"

He leant back and looked round the room carelessly, too carelessly by far, before he answered—

"Yes."

"Ah, yes, I remember! Mr. Parks told me. A remarkably pretty girl with black eyes."

"No, they are gray," he said, and in that short speech he had told her all she had been quietly angling for.

Her eyes drooped, but not before a swift light had shone in them, and the fan closed and fell feather-like in her lap. He had noticed this girl so particularly as to remember the exact color of her eyes.

Unknown, unguessed at by all, there lay hidden behind that calm, placid exterior, a latent passion, which burnt within her heart as the fire beneath an Iceland geyser.

The fire glowed fiercely at this moment fed by the oil of jealousy, but there was no trace of emotion in the soft, equal voice, as, rising she said—

"Will you find papa, Bruce? I would like to go now!"

He got up and gave her his arm, and hunted for Lord Seymour, whom they found, yawning in a corner, evidently just awakened from a nap, and with the old peer grumbling drowsily at their heels, they went down to the hall.

With extreme care and gentleness he arranged the fur cloak round the white shoulders, and put her into the carriage.

"You will come and see me to-morrow, Bruce?" she said.

"Yes, of course. Good-night," he replied and turned away.

The carriage door closed, and the over-fed fidgety horses sprang forward so suddenly that they nearly knocked down a man who was crossing the road at the moment. The coachman, with a carefully suppressed oath, pulled up short, and the man got to the pavement.

As he did so, Lady Blanche looked out to see what was the matter, and the man caught sight of her face, upon which the light from the windows was now streaming.

In an instant, Raymond, for it was he, recognized the original of the portrait which he had seen in Lord Norman's room.

More than that, he had caught in the dark eyes and colorless face, a look of passionate jealousy which Lady Blanche had suppressed while Lord Norman had been with her.

It was not much for a man to work upon as a revenge for doing a fellow-mortal an injury, but Oscar Raymond was not an ordinary man, and it was enough for him.

With a smile and a nod, he crossed the road, and setting off at a jog-trot, followed the carriage to Lord Seymour's house in Eaton Place.

CHAPTER VI.

FLORIS was just finishing dressing on this her first morning "in service," and the breakfast-bell was clanging through the house, when she heard a knock at her door and a strong voice with a decidedly French accent, requesting permission to enter.

Floris opened the door, and saw a tall, thin French girl, with small dark eyes that instantly fixed themselves on Floris's face, and just as quickly sought the ground again.

"Pardon, mam'selle, I am her ladyship's maid. Her ladyship's—" she paused just a second—"compliments,"—Lady Pendleton had said "love,"—"and would mam'selle kindly attend at milord's breakfast-table? Miladi is unwell."

"Certainly," said Floris. "I am sorry to hear Lady Pendleton is not well."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and raised her black eyebrows in the French fashion.

"Ah, but it is nothing; a headache. Miladi excites herself herself too much. Pardon mam'selle, permit me," and she picked up the collar which, in her haste to comply with Lady Pendleton's request, Floris had dropped. "Permit me to arrange it upon mam'selle."

"Oh, thanks!" said Floris, hurriedly.

The French maid deliberately and carefully fastened the collar, her small, sharp eyes noting every feature of Floris's dress meanwhile, and casting keen critical glances at the beautiful face reflected in the glass.

"Mam'selle has a beautiful figure," she murmured, as if to herself.

"Thanks!" said Floris. "If one did not know that you were French by your accent, one would soon learn it from your facility at compliments."

The girl looked at her keenly.

"Ah, yes; but it is but truth. Mam'selle will soon hear it from more agreeable lips."

Floris smiled again.

"That is very pretty, too," she said, with a carelessness that brought the blood to the girl's face. "Will you tell her ladyship that I am sorry she is unwell, please?"

The girl bowed, and Floris hurried downstairs.

She was late; it was a bad beginning; but she had slept but little, and that restlessly. The French maid made a pretence of following her, then stole back to the bed-room, and with deliberate carelessness made a complete examination of the wardrobe, and every article of Floris's which she had left unsecured.

"Ah, yes!" she murmured. "A fine lady, but poor. No rings, no bracelets, no rich dresses; but beautiful, and miladi will think her an angel! Bah! I shall hate her! I know it! I feel it! Something tells me that Mam'selle Carlisle and Josine will be at daggers drawn. We shall see!" and with a shrug she arranged a wisp of her black, coarse hair in the glass, and left the room.

Floris hurried downstairs to the breakfast-room. A footm
some hot dishes, and S
at the table with the
full report of his last nig
heap of letters.

He rose as she entered, a
lightened for a moment a
fresh, young beauty, and h
upon the simple cotton dress,
admirably, with an expressi
admiration and satisfaction.

"Lady Pendleton is unwell th
but no doubt they have told you,
as if anxious to avoid any un
words.

It is queer how chary public sp
of their eloquence in private, and how difficult it is to get a letter from a hard-worked literary man.

"Yes," said Floris, with ready tact; "I am very sorry. Coffee, Sir Edward?"

Sir Edward glanced at her approvingly. Had his wife at last got a treasure? At any rate a girl with such a face, and such ready tact as to condense a question into two words, must be worth having.

She gave him his coffee, and took some bacon in exchange, and Sir Edward ate his breakfast, looked over his speech, opened his letters, and pencilled drafts of the answers in the corner for his secretary to amplify.

Presently he uttered a short exclamation of annoyance. The lead was out of his pencil. Floris took hers from her pocket and handed it to him without a word.

He looked surprised, but grateful.

"Thank you—thank you!" he said, quickly. "Can I give you anything more?" and he glanced round the table.

"No, thank you!" said Floris. "Please do not trouble. I will get anything I want."

His grave, tired eyes dwelt on her face.

"Where did you learn such regard for a busy man's time, Miss Carlisle?" he said.

Floris laughed softly.

"I don't know. But I am quite sure that if you have to read all those letters and get your breakfast, you have no time to attend to my trivial wants."

Sir Edward pushed the letters from him, and took up his cup, regarding her still more attentively.

"I hope you are—that you will be comfortable with us, Miss Carlisle," he said.

"I am sure that I shall, sir," she answered.

He knocked his spoon against his cup thoughtfully, with a pre-occupied air.

"If there is anything you require—but my wife will see to that—I meant to say that if you want anything in the shape of reading, please get what you want from the library. Here is the key."

It was a great concession, if Floris had only known it.

"You are surprised that I keep it locked?" he said, with an absent smile. "I find that the books are taken from the room and left about; used to heighten chairs and similar purposes."

"I will take care of any I use, Sir Edward," said Floris, simply. "Thank you!"

A servant came to the door.

"The brougham, Sir Edward."

He jumped up with the alacrity of a clerk making a dash for his train or 'bus, and commenced to bundle his letters into a dispatch case with one hand while he took up his coffee-cup with the other.

Floris rose.

"Will you let me put them in for you?" she said quietly, and neatly and quickly she packed them in orderly fashion in the case.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Sir Edward. "I've a committee meeting this morning at eleven, another at one, and—thank you!" and with a final glance of surprised satisfaction, he seized the case from Floris, his hat and cane from the servant and hurried out.

If she had done nothing else since her arrival, she had won the respect of the house!

The question now arose, what was she to do next? It occurred to her that she would go up and ask how Lady Pendleton was. She went and knocked at her ladyship's door softly, and received the response of "Come in."

"It is I, Lady Pendleton," she said, thinking that she might have mistaken her for the maid.

"Come in. Yes, I knew it was you, my dear; I knew by your knock. All the rest of them hammer," said her ladyship.

She was sitting up in bed, wrapped in an elaborate dressing-robe, with a cup of chocolate by her and a French novel face downwards on the satin coverlid. A faint odor of perfume pervaded the luxurious apartment, half-darkened by the blinds of rose-colored silk.

"How fresh and bright you look, my dear!" exclaimed her ladyship before Floris could speak. "What a pretty dress! You must have exquisite taste. That simple style suits you. Now, I want flounces and lace and all that. It's because you are so tall. I thought that dove-colored merino you wore last night one of the prettiest things I have ever seen, and so did the rest of the women, I could see, by the way they looked at you. I'm so sorry I wasn't up to breakfast. The first morning too!"

"Are you better?" asked Floris, when she could get a word in.

"Yes, it was only a headache. I always have them after a dinner-party. It's the sauces."

"The sauces!"

"Yes, I am always so anxious about them. Cook is so dreadfully uncertain. Sometimes they are all right, and sometimes all wrong. I hope you enjoyed yourself last night, and weren't too tired! I am sure you ought to be very gratified—it was enough to make you vain my dear."

"To make me vain?" queried Floris.

"Yes, the attention you got. Especially from Bruce! I never knew him so attentive. As a rule he is quite too savage—a perfect boor! I've known him sit for an hour and not open his lips, and then get up and go away. I do hope he won't go on that stupid yachting excursion until after the Fair! Of course you will help me at my stall! You will create quite a sensation, my dear, and that will be so nice."

Floris laughed softly.

"Why do you laugh, my dear? Are you laughing at me?"

"Certainly not, your ladyship," said Floris. "But—but I was wondering whether it would not be rather out of place for companion to make a sensation. Ought I not to be doing something more useful, Lady Pendleton?"

Her ladyship laughed.

"Why, that is useful!" she said, opening her eyes to their widest. "It will make my stall a success, and that is what I am so anxious about. With you—and Bruce if I can get him—I shall make my stall the most popular in the Fair! And as to doing anything useful, well, you can't help it in this house, my dear."

"I hope not," said Floris. "Is there anything I can do?"

As she spoke, the maid came in, with the slightest apology for a knock.

She stopped as she saw Floris, and her dark brow gathered into a frown.

"What is it, Josine?" asked Lady Pendleton.

"Pardon, miladi, I thought you were all alone."

"So I am; it is only Miss Carlisle. What is it?" glancing with a bored expression at a paper Josine held in her hand.

"To-night's menu, miladi," said Josine quickly.

Lady Pendleton took it, and stared at it with a suppressed yawn.

"What a nuisance dinners are! I do wish the chef would learn to write in English. I never can make it out, and yet I learnt French at school! I wish you would look it over, my dear!" to Floris.

Floris took the paper, and the scowl grew darker on Josine's brow. Until this morning it was she who read the items and discussed them with her mistress.

Floris found no difficulty in deciphering the chef's hand-writing, and was beginning to read the list when Lady Pendleton stopped her.

"Oh, don't trouble, my dear! Just alter anything you don't think right——"

"But, my lady, I am afraid I am not capable——"

Her ladyship laughed.

"Of course it's all right, but I make a point of altering something, or else he would think I didn't read it, and grow careless. After a soup or an entree, my dear."

Floris wrote a spring soup in place of oxtail, and returned the list to Josine, who took it, with a respectful inclination of her head and a flash of her black eyes hidden under the thick lids, and left the room.

"What are you smiling at now?" demanded Lady Pendleton, as Floris turned away.

"Must I tell you?" she replied. "Well, I was thinking that if your maid repeated what you said to the chef, the alteration would not have the effect you desired, Lady Pendleton."

Her ladyship laughed languidly.

"Of course not! How quick you are! Now that would never have occurred to me! But, perhaps she won't! Josine is a very good girl, and awfully clever with my hair. You must let her do yours sometimes, my dear! Not that she could improve it; that close knot is perfection. You must have tried a great deal?"

Instead of replying, Floris took the chocolate cup to the table, and arranged the huge pillows a little more comfortably, her ladyship looking on at her with languid admiration.

"What a nice, sensitive touch you have got, my dear; you would make an admirable nurse."

"My mother is an invalid," said Floris quietly.

"Ah, yes! So Matilda said! I understand! How you must hate me for taking you from her! You must go and see her whenever you like. I am sure she is a dear old lady. Don't cry, my dear."

"Indeed I will not," Floris said, smiling through her moist eyes.

"No, don't. I know what it is to be homesick; but you must be happy here; you must indeed. We must make it pleasant for you, Floris. I shall call you Floris, if you don't mind. What a sweetly pretty name it is! I suppose it was its prettiness that made Bruce so particular in asking me to repeat it last night?"

Floris took up the French novel in silence. She dreaded making the explanation which an answer would involve.

Before Lady Pendleton could repeat the question Josine entered the room again.

"Lord Norman is in the drawing-room, miladi!"

Lady Pendleton uttered a little cry of delight.

"So soon! My dear, he has come to say that he will stay over the Fair! I thought that he would! Oh, dear, and I'm not dressed! Do go down and see him now, Floris!"

At the mention of Lord Norman's name a scarlet blush which did not escape the notice of the dark eyes of Josine, fixed attentively upon her, and she turned away towards the window.

"I should be so much obliged if you would go down and see him, my dear, and persuade him into helping us!" repeated Lady Pendleton. "Tell him I have a headache—caused by his obstinacy last night."

"Perhaps he will wait until you are dressed," said Floris, in a low voice, "or call again later in the day, Lady Pendleton?"

"Wait till I am dressed!" exclaimed her ladyship with a laugh. "Not he! He wouldn't wait for an empress."

"He may call again," urged Floris.

"Indeed he won't. He will be off to—to Japan or some other ridiculous place if we don't secure him. Oh, no, he won't call again! Pray go down, my dear, and use all your eloquence!"

"But—" hesitated Floris—"of course I will see Lord Norman if you wish it, but I am afraid that if you place dependence on my powers of persuasion you may be disappointed."

Lady Pendleton laughed.

"My dear, he'll listen to you more patiently than he would to me! Oh, I am not blind! I saw last night he had taken to you! I'm glad I can't see him. He would very likely just put me off in that quiet sarcastic way of his, but he won't do it with you. You go down and try."

Floris still stood by the window, with Josine looking from one to the other in respectful silence.

"Will you not write him a note?" suggested Floris.

Her ladyship laughed again.

"He would scarcely read it! My dear, you don't know Bruce. He is one of the most trying of men. No, you go down and see what you can do with him; please do."

"Of course I will, if you wish it, my lady," said Floris, and she turned away from the window with a hot flush on her face.

"I shall get up now, Josine," said Lady Pendleton.

Josine started slightly; her whole attention had been concentrated on Floris, and went to the dressing-table.

"Have you any message for his lordship?" asked Floris.

"No, my dear. I leave him in your hands!" laughed Lady Pendleton.

Floris went out of the room and down the stairs. She paused for a moment at the drawing-room door, and the flush gave place to a cold paleness that lent an air of pride and reserve to her sweet beautiful face.

She opened the door, and stood for a moment.

Lord Norman was sitting across a chair, his arms folded on the back. He was dressed in a riding suit of broad check, and held a whip in his hand.

"Well, Betty," he said, without looking round, "have I roused you from your slumbers sweet and deep?"

Getting no answer, he turned his head and saw Floris standing in the middle of the room, the sunlight falling upon her fresh young loveliness, and lighting up streaks of gold in her brown hair.

He sprang to his feet, dropping his whip, and went towards her.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "I thought——"

"Lady Pendleton has a headache," my lord, and has not yet left her room, said Floris, and in her effort to seem perfectly calm and self-possessed her voice sounded cold and repellant.

The hand, which he had extended, fell to his side, and he stood gnawing his moustache and looking at her. She came upon him so unexpectedly, like a vision. Not a detail of the clear oval face, the golden-brown hair, the cold, grey eyes, even the simple cotton frock, was lost entirely upon him.

"I am very sorry," he said.

Then he stood switching his leg with his whip for full a minute.

"I will tell her ladyship," said Floris, and she half turned to the door.

"One moment, Miss Carlisle," he said. "I—" he stopped, and his dark eyes flashed towards her face—"I am favored by chance in thus seeing you so soon—and alone."

Floris stood calm and cold as a statue, but with a heart that fluttered in her bosom like an imprisoned bird.

"I will avail myself of the opportunity which chance has given me, Miss Carlisle, to beg your pardon."

"My pardon?" said Floris.

"Your pardon," he repeated; "and I do beg it most humbly."

He bent his head as he spoke, and his voice sank until it was almost inaudible.

Floris remained silent.

He came a step nearer.

"Last night, in complete ignorance of your name and identity, I made a statement, moved by an impulse which was too strong for my control, that must have sounded in your ears like an impertinence. Miss Carlisle, I humbly beg your pardon!"

If he had looked handsome in her eyes last night, he looked tenfold more handsome, more distinguished this morning, as he stood with bent head before her.

Floris raised her eyes for a moment to look at him, then dropped them again.

"It is granted, my lord," she said, coldly. "It was my fault; I ought to have stopped you; I ought to have told you who and what I was."

"My foe—the woman I have, all unintentionally ruined," he murmured.

"No, my lord, you have done me no injury. If we have suffered, it is through the law."

"Which has made me its instrument!" he said, gloomily.

"You forget, my lord, that our side might have won," she remarked.

"Would to Heaven that you had!" he retorted.

There was a moment's silence, during which he stood looking at her and flicking his whip restlessly, then Floris raised her eyes.

"Her ladyship requested me to ask you, Lord Norman, if you would remain in England and assist her in the Fancy Fair?" she said, reluctantly.

He frowned.

"Why can't Betty wait until she gets up? Why should she send messages by you, as if you were——"

He stopped.

"Lady Pendleton has a perfect right to send messages by me," said Floris, coldly. "Your lordship forgets that I am in her ladyship's service."

He frowned again, and turned away to the window. Her coldness and immovability were torturing him.

Floris waited for a minute, standing motionless, her hands clasped in front of her, then she said—

"Shall I tell her ladyship that you will send her an answer?"

He turned towards her.

"Are you going to take part in this affair?" he asked.

"I do not know. I shall do so if Lady Pendleton wishes me, my lord."

He bit his lip.

"Miss Carlisle, is it absolutely necessary that you should address me by my title? It sounds strangely in my ears coming from an equal."

"I am not your lordship's equal, and I am a stranger," said Floris, calmly.

He took up his hat almost savagely.

"I see that you have not forgiven me, Miss Carlisle," he said. "You must know that I cannot forget that it is through me that—that you are placed in this position, that but for me and my people before me, we should have met on an equality. You are bent on humiliating me! Well, I must bear it as a punishment for my presumption of last night; but let me assure you, Miss Carlisle, that I find it a very hard punishment."

A faint color came into Floris's cheeks, but her icy coldness would not melt. He expected her to say something in response, but as she remained silent he said, after a pause—

"Are you interested in this Fancy Fair? Do you care whether I remain for it, or are you simply the mouthpiece of Betty?"

Floris colored.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, my lord, whether you remain or stay," she replied, haughtily.

"Oh, I know that!" he rejoined, hastily. "You misunderstand me! I know that my presence must be hateful to you, and that if you could have your wish you would never see me again. I am quite cognisant of your feelings towards me, alas! But for the Fair's sake, would you wish me to stay, Miss Carlisle?"

"I know nothing about it," said Floris."

"Then please tell Betty that I don't care a fig for her Fair; that I won't have anything to do with it, and that if she uses my name I will never forgive her," he said, morosely.

Floris inclined her head.

"Very good, my lord," she said and turned to leave him.

He waited until she had reached the door then spoke her name.

"Wait," he said; "I have changed my mind. You can tell her that I will do what she wants in this fool's business, and she may stick my name, if it's of any use to her all over the place. Is that any better, Miss Carlisle?"

"I have no doubt that Lady Pendleton will think it much the better answer to her message," said Floris, with perfect self-possession. "Good-morning, my lord."

"One moment more, please," he said, reluctant to let her go. "I think you said last night that you were fond of music?"

Floris inclined her head. She did not remember saying it; but as it was true she let the assertion pass.

"I have bought a box for the Opera for Betty and you," he said. "Will you tell her that I will call for her soon after dinner?"

Floris bowed, without a word of thanks.

He strode towards her and held out his hand.

"In token of your forgiveness, will you shake hands, Miss Carlisle? I have noticed with more pain than I can describe, that you have hitherto refused to do so."

Floris extended her soft, white hand slowly, and he took it and held it firmly grasped in his, so firmly that she could not withdraw it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SODA.—Soda is an alkali which was formerly obtained in large quantities from the ashes of kali and various other marine plants growing on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, and to which ashes the name of barilla is given; a more impure soda was obtained from kelp, which is the ashes of different sea-weeds found on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland; a large trade was formerly carried on in these articles, but it now found cheaper to make soda by the decomposition of salt. The salt is put into a furnace, and sulphuric acid poured upon it; the heat first melts it, and then roasts it into sulphate of soda, or salt-cake, as it is called; this is afterward put into another furnace with an equal weight or carbonate of lime, either in the form of limestone or chalk, and half its weight of small coal; the whole is subjected to intense heat, during which many chemical changes take place. The mass, when finally raked out to cool, consists of black-ash and ball soda, it is afterward separated from insoluble impurities by being dissolved in warm water; and, after being further purified in the furnace, becomes the soda of commerce, which is in fact carbonate of soda.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ORIGIN OF HERMITS.—In the eighth persecution raised by Decius, A. D. 255, or near that time, an incredible number of confessors were beaten, tormented and made to suffer miseries of all kinds. Some, in consequence, exiled themselves among barren rocks and mountains; others chose rather to be exposed to the danger of wild beasts than return to endure the barbarous treatment that would surely be inflicted on them.

SKINNED ALIVE.—In Naples, according to Ouida, "horses, lambs, dogs, cats and rats are skinned alive, because the skin when removed from the living creature is considered more supple, and sells for a somewhat higher price. Dogs are seized by legalised municipal dog-stealers twice a day; are thrust pell-mell into a court; kept two days without food, and then half stunned with a stick, and while living flayed from head to tail. Horses in the knacker's yards there are allowed to drop from hunger as being less trouble than killing them, and when utterly exhausted are nailed to planks and flayed."

PETROLEUM.—Petroleum was not unknown in the time of Alexander the Great. That emperor must have opened his eyes when, according to Plutarch, the barbarians of Media, to show the king its force and the subtlety of its nature, scattered some drops of it on the street which led to his lodging, and standing at one end applied their torches. "The flame communicated itself swifter than thought, and the street was instantaneously all on fire." Petroleum was used in lamps by the Sicilians at the beginning of the Christian era, and it bubbles up from the soil on the island of Zante just as it did in the time of Herodotus, more than two thousand years ago. It is said to have great value as a lubricator when mixed with other oils.

DIME NOVELS.—A trustee of the Providence Public Library has gathered into a scrap-book the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories, to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime novel boy usually reads the scrap-book, which is rapidly increasing in size as the fresh exploits of the dime novel adventurers are added to it, about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to those stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading room for a better class of books thereafter.

PATCHOULY.—Patchouly, an herb that grows in India and China, affords an essence which is at present very fashionable. Not long since it was the custom of shawl purchasers to distinguish real India shawls from the very clever French imitations by the delicate odor they emitted. This odor the French could not imitate. They, however, set their wits to work to find out the secret, and succeeded in importing the patchouly plant, for the purpose of giving the characteristic perfume, which enabled them once more to palm off the fictitious for the real shawl. This fact speedily leaked out, and no dealer now trusts to his nose to settle the question between a real Indian shawl and its French imitation. The plant, once in Europe, speedily became a favorite. It is used by the Indian shawl merchant to preserve his goods from the attacks of insects. It is, therefore, applicable to the preservation of all kinds of linen and woolen garments.

CANNIBAL CROWS.—On the lower ridge of the Japanese island of Sado is a fine growth of pine trees, the home of crows innumerable. The number is remarkable, even in this land of crows. In the morning a great whirring of wings, discordant cries, and a black cloud of these birds flying over the city, tell that they are off on a foraging expedition, no one knows whither. In the early evening, by the same token, their return is proclaimed. They seem to move in organized companies and almost military style, a "many-wintered crow," at the head of each battalion, "leads the clanging rookery home." In appearance they resemble the raven more than the common crow. They are not an unmitigated nuisance, as they are good scavengers. But still there is such an army of them, the question often arises, On what do they subsist! It is a well-known fact, however, that they are cannibalistic in their tendencies, the sick and feeble ones being devoured by the strong.

THE ABSENT WITNESS.—When Sir Edward Coke was Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, the following extraordinary case happened: The defendant, while in court, prevailed on the plaintiff's principal witness not to attend, or to give any evidence in the cause provided he could be excused. One of the defendant's agents undertook this, and, taking the witness to a tavern, called for a gallon of sack in a pot, and bade the man drink. As soon as the witness put the flagon to his mouth, and commenced to drink, the defendant's agent quitted the room. When the man was called, the court was informed that he was unable to come, to prove which the agent was produced, who swore that he left him in such a condition that if he continued in it half an hour longer he must be a dead man meaning that he he would, in that time, have drunk himself to death. For want of this person's evidence the cause was lost, and the verdict given for the defendant.

THE SECRET OF THE BROOK.

BY RITA.

The silver brook is dancing light
All in the golden sunshine bright;
Across the stones with moss bedight,
Its curling eddies whirl and fight,
In many a lovely nook:
It murmurs with melodious flow
Among the lilies white as snow,
As onward it doth singing go
Toward the mighty sea below;
Thus ripples on the brook.

Come to me, Love! The day is fair,
And blossom-scented is the air,
The flowers their choicest colors wear,
'Tis beauty here, and beauty there,
Far as the eye can see;
Together let us joyous sing,
Whilst sunny summer-time doth bring
Fresh life and joy to everything,
For Time, alas! is on the wing:
Come, come, my Love, to me!

There's tender music in the sound
Of plashing waters all around,
As o'er the pebbles light doth bound—
So light it scarce doth touch the ground—
The ever-rippling brook.
Oh, Love! each mellow, dulcet tone
Speaks to our souls, as here we own
We for each other live alone;
The secret of our heart is shown,
And written in Life's Book.

Bound With a Chain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

TRESSILIAN paused a moment as though to observe the effect of his words and then continued.

"I advised him to the latter, consider the loss as a lesson, and turn over a new leaf; I helped him to get his affairs in order, and the recompense I claimed was that cheque. Avis Derrick had just entered my house then, and I'd an idea it might be well for me to possess some pull over you in case of your reappearing.

"You understand now that you are in my power, and that the first hint I hear of your vile tongue's wagging about Miss Derrick, I write to Conyers for permission to institute proceedings against you for forgery. He'll give it readily, for he's still thirsting for revenge on you—my representations alone induced him to forego it. You understand now, I presume?"

"Yes, I—I understand."

The man rose slowly from the chair he had dropped into, and stood, his head turned away, with furtive stealthy touches drying the moisture from his drawn white face. Tressilian had judged him rightly in thinking that the bully would prove to be a coward also.

He turned presently, with a palpably artificial attempt at swaggering gaiety and ease.

"What a tremendous fellow you are for taking things in earnest, Tressilian!" he said, forcing a ghastly smile. "You riled me more than a bit just now, and made me say things I didn't mean. Of course, Miss Derrick's name is safe with me——"

"Now," Tressilian put in quietly, a little smile gleaming in his grave gray eyes.

"And as to annoying her," the other went on nervously—"well, I'm too much in love with her myself to care to see her carrying on with young Massey——"

"Stop that!" Tressilian exclaimed, in a low intense voice of anger, with a sudden passionate flush. "Such words are an insult from you. If you have anything to say that I can hear, say it; if not, let me remind you that time is precious to me, if not to you."

"Only this," Wynter said, hurriedly and awkwardly. "I repeat, Miss Derrick has nothing to fear from me, and—that bit of paper—it's really of no use to you, Tressilian—let me have it, and—you may add five hundred pounds to your credit in the bank."

Tressilian stared at the man a moment, a sparkle of angry pride in his keen eyes; then he shrugged his shoulders, with a half-smile, and dropped back into his old scornful coolness.

"Do I look so ready to compound a felony?" he asked, quietly sarcastic. "No, Captain Wynter; I am perfectly aware that I hold the winning cards, and I do not part with them for five hundred pound. I wish you a good evening; it is the last time I shall do so in this house, I trust."

He rang the bell as he spoke. The baffled schemer, pulling himself together with an effort, moved towards the door.

"Yes, you've the best of the play, confound you!" he said, in a voice almost choked by the bitterness of rage. "Don't think I don't see through your little game, though! You wouldn't be so eager to keep her out of my hands if you didn't want her for yourself; but there may be a slip between cup and lip in this case too!"

He opened the door hastily, and went, some lurking demon in Tressilian's eye perhaps warning him that it had best be done quickly if it were to be done of his own volition.

The victor left behind, as that look clicked upon the vanquished, dropped into his chair, set his elbows on the desk, and bowed his head on his hands with a broken sound like a sob. The dart had struck and rankled.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS DERRICK did not appear at breakfast on the following day. Nurse Sarah made her young lady's apologies; she had slept ill and had a severe headache. She hoped Mrs. Tressilian would excuse her.

And indeed it was a very wan and weary looking Avis that came languidly at noon into the drawing-room, with faded roses in her cheeks and dark shadows under her blue heavy eyes.

Mrs. Tressilian frankly informed her that she looked wretched, and hoped she was not one of those people whom her weather does not agree with.

"I am far from strong myself," the little lady said peevishly. "My nerves are really deplorable! I make a point of never complaining; but I must say that the strain on my mind of having sick people in the house would be much more than I could really bear."

"I don't think I am going to be ill," Avis said, forcing a smile. "But, if I must break down, I will do it where I shall not be a nuisance to anybody."

"That was said so like John," his mother declared with a little shrug. "Really, I think that sort of bluntness must be catching! My remark was received as an offence by him also, when I said something this morning about his not looking well. Oh, it doesn't matter, child! I'm used to that sort of thing, and of course I believe you didn't mean anything ungracious. He does, though.

"I must say his temper has been quite dreadful of late. This morning, when I remarked on his looking ill, and remonstrated with him for his folly in giving his services gratis in this will case, working himself to death for nothing, he was positively rude to me. Did I want him to rob the widow and orphan? he wanted to know. I told him I thought the question was quite an insult."

Mrs. Tressilian fanned herself with an air of injured innocence. Avis's pale face had flushed again, deeply, painfully. She bit her lip, clenching her trembling white hands.

Silence was best, she knew; those pitiful ill-tempers of her hostess's passed like black clouds in April, leaving the sky serene.

"Did I tell you about Lucy Massey?" Mrs. Tressilian recommenced presently, in much pleasanter tones. "No? How stupid of me! It seems Gerald is thinking of marrying again, and she has felt it her duty to remonstrate with him so strongly that it has made things disagreeable between them; so she has offered me a visit. I don't approve of Gerald's proceedings myself; only nine months since poor Flora died, you know!

"It's really not nice; but I don't think it was Lucy's place to lecture him. That's the worst of those good girls"—yawning—"they seem to think it's their business to advise everybody. Really"—with a small acrid laugh—"I don't know what will become of poor frivolous me among so many superior beings, and especially by-and-by, when John marries Lucy, and she begins to think it necessary to speak a word in season to me!"

She threw a keen glance from under her long blond lashes at the girl opposite. Yes her shot had told; Miss Derrick's face had lost its last vestige of color; she was rising hastily from her chair.

"Going, dear?" Mrs. Tressilian inquired, in her most sprightly tone. "Then will you hand me *Nana* from the cabinet as you pass? Thanks; and just look in at Dalton, please, to see that she is going on with the alterations in my olive-satin gown. I shall want it to-night. Thanks again; you are so good!"—with airy sweetness, as Avis moved away.

* * * * * *

"Come in!"

Tressilian looked up impatiently as he said it. He was in the "den." "Best on Evidence" open before him, which he was not reading; he was meditating, lines of trouble and thought on his pale face, the deep-set eyes gleaming out of it, the firm mouth compressed; and the companion of the thinker, the pipe, was between his lips, and filling the air with blue vaporous fumes of cavendish.

He did not remove it when giving permission to the knocker to enter—he expected to see a servant, and, when the door opened, and a slim black shape stood hesitating on the threshold, he sprang up with an exclamation which sounded one of suppressed annoyance to the hearer.

"Miss Derrick, I had no idea it was you!" he said.

"May I come in?" she asked, very wistfully—humbly. "I—I want to speak to you."

"Certainly."

The dryness of his tone was bitter to Avis; she was so evidently unwelcome; but she must stay and speak.

She took the chair he offered her, his own—every other bore its burden of huge and dusty tomes—and hurriedly put aside his apology for the smoke.

"I don't mind it at all," she said nervously. "I am an intruder, I know; but I had to come, because I wanted to speak to you in private."

She clasped her hands convulsively together in the lap of her black gown; a hot distressful color was burning in her cheeks, bringing back all the irregular bright beauty to her face.

His, turned towards her, was very pale and stern, whitely outlined by a stream of evening sunlight poured thickly through the dusty windows against which he leaned.

"I want," she brought the words out with an effort—"your permission—to go away from here."

"To go—away!"

He paused suddenly, lest that break in his voice should betray him.

"You are not very happy here, then?" he continued, in very low, measured tones.

"No," she answered faintly. "But—it is no one's fault but my own. I feel that I am out of place here, where—where others suffer because of me—and more than ever since I heard that—Miss Massey—is coming. I am sure you will think me—not a fit companion for her, when I tell you of something I did once. I should have spoken of it long ago, perhaps—but—it was so hard to tell."

She smiled a wretched little smile; her lips were quivering. Tressilian's face was turned away; he, too, was fighting with himself fiercely, hopelessly, with rebellious pangs and longings. He was in no case to give her the help she sought.

"It happened when I was seventeen," Avis went on presently, in a low miserable voice. "I made Captain Wynter's acquaintance then; I was ignorant and foolish, and I thought him a pleasant companion; and I used to talk to him when I met him on the sand. It was very wrong, of course," the girl said humbly; "but I didn't know—I had no mother. One day my father met us."

"Stay!" Tressilian turned round suddenly, interrupting her. "You need say no more. I know what you are trying to tell me, child; you may spare yourself that pain."

"You know?" she said faintly, staring at him with startled eyes.

"Yes. I was in the station that night—of course you knew that, but you did not know, I suppose, that I caught a glimpse of your face. It's not a face to forget," he said, with a strange sort of bitterness: "I knew it again the moment I saw it. Thank Heaven, I was there that night to disabuse you of your faith in that scoundrel, you poor, innocent, ignorant child! I guessed what was his game here this last month too; and yesterday I took the liberty of sending him about his business.

"He threatened you, I know, the mean cad! And don't be afraid; he won't dare now to carry out these threats—I have a hold on him which seals his lips. So you may put Captain Wynter out of your mind henceforth; he will never molest you again."

"Never," the girl gasped blankly—"never?"

She could scarcely believe it. Had the chain dropped indeed from her free limbs was the shadow of her old ill-doing lifted from her life at last? Yes, he had said it and he could not very well tell an untruth!

"You have done this for me too," she said in a hurried choking voice. "How good you are to me, how good, and I can do nothing for you!"

She dropped her head suddenly upon the open book lying on his desk and burst into tears she could not check. She was trembling all over with the strain and the reaction. And, oh, the better she knew him, the dearer he became, and the bitterer was the pain of feeling that he could never be more to her than the conscientious guardian, the brusque, but true, kind friend!

The growing misery of months was that which the girl sobbed out, her bright head low on John Tressilian's desk, her slender frame heaving with emotion.

He had sprung forward with some startled exclamation, as the first of those sobs struck upon his ear, but checked himself, with a frown, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and walking away hastily to the other end of the room.

But the sound of that wild weeping reached him there and hurt him keenly, bringing him back, despite himself, to the sobbing girl's side.

He stood looking down on her for a moment, with a face full of helpless wretchedness; then the words burst forth, irrepressible, like a groan, like a cry—

"Don't do that, child, don't, for Heaven's sake! You are torturing me!"

Almost, without knowing it, he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder; Avis started under the touch, and he saw the quick red run over her bent face and the pretty white neck on which that mass of gold was knotted. She checked her sobs at once, and stood up, trembling, and turning her face away.

"You have been very good to me, and—I thank you very much," she said, faltering. "I think I—I will go now."

"And you give up that insane notion of leaving here?"

His voice had grown dry and hard again; the tears welled back into Avis's eyes at sound of it.

"No," she said unsteadily. "I still think I should like to go for a time."

"If you must, you must, I suppose," he answered, with an impatient sigh. "I know it is useless to contend with a woman's will. But I was forgetting a message I had for you perhaps you know from whom? Hugh Massey has asked me, me," with a bitter laugh, "he chose a suitable ambassador! to ask you, Miss Derrick, if you will be his wife. I told him the question would come much better from himself; but he said he couldn't get an opportunity of asking it."

"No," Avis replied, in a husky voice. "I tried to prevent him, because I'm afraid you'll be angry with me, and I'm sorry; but I could not say 'Yes,' please tell him I could not!"

"Why?" he asked, his voice sounding harsh in its suppressed eagerness.

"I don't care enough for him," she answered tremulously.

"You might come to do that in time," he said, not looking at her as he spoke. "Hugh is not clever; but he's a good fellow, honest, true, and—very much attached to you."

"I quite appreciate all Mr. Massey's excellences," the girl returned, with a sudden angry heave of the little bunch of pansies on her breast; "and I am sorry to have to give him 'No' for his answer; but no other is possible."

It was too much, she said to herself, too much to hear him pleading for that other man! She turned suddenly, almost blindly, to the door.

"Stay a moment, please!"

He stepped forward hastily, with a detaining gesture.

"I have a word or two to say still, if you will kindly listen. "For one thing, I hope poor Hugh's choice of an ambassador did not damage his cause?"

"Certainly not!"

Avis's cheeks had grown crimson: she turned her head, with a little haughty gesture.

"My answer would have been the same in any case. Does that content you, Mr. Tressilian? May I go now?"

"Not just yet. This plan you have made to leave here, do you still adhere to it?"

"I do," with a swift glance, half-questioning, half-defiant.

"I fancied it might be Wynter who was driving you away," he said, in a low troubled voice.

"It was partly," Avis confessed. "But I want to go still."

"You are tired of us, I suppose?"

"No, no!" she cried vehemently. "It is only—I want a change—oh, please, Mr. Tressilian, let me go for just a few minutes."

"I cannot detain you here against your will, of course," he said moodily. "But what about your promise to your father? His wish was that you should find a home in my house until you married."

"Or died!" Avis added, with a sudden unsteady mirthless laugh. "It is the more likely thing for me to do."

"That is nonsense, and you know it!" he said in a hard voice. "You could marry any day, if you liked."

"Only I don't like, and never shall, I think."

"Have you never seen a man you could care to marry then?" he asked very abruptly.

"Mr. Tressilian"—she turned on him, blazing with blushes, wild with indignation—"you have no right to ask me that! Let me pass, please. I have been here too long, I think."

He was standing between her and the door, and stood there still, unregarding; he did not seem to have heard her request. He was not even looking at her, but staring, with knitted brows, on the dingy carpet at his feet.

"You still persist in going away," he said, in a dull voice; "and you will not tell me the reason? Well, I think I can guess it."

Avis started, and made a sudden movement towards the door, then, as she almost touched him, hastily recoiled.

"I have not kept the secret as well as I thought, I suppose that man taunted me with it yesterday, and, from words you dropped just now, I see you guess it too. Well, I can only ask that you will not let me drive you away. I am a fool, I admit; and it is painful to me to speak of my folly"—he flushed, as he spoke, a deep miserable red; "but it seems I must do it, or you will think it necessary for my peace to go away. Once for all, it is not. You understand?"

"Not quite," Avis answered, in a low breathless voice.

She felt as if the room were going round with her, and all the world too; she grasped at the table for support, and held by it, shaking like an autumn leaf. What was he saying—what?

He uttered an inarticulate exclamation of anger and pain, and strode from the door, walking hastily up the room and down again. All was clear now, but Avis did not move; she waited, spell-bound, with wildly-beating heart, till he paused again in his stormy march.

"You don't wish to understand—that is it!" he cried hotly, angrily. "You will not hate a jot of your pound of flesh; you will have me write myself down a fool in so many words, acknowledge myself your captive, bound to your chariot-wheels! Even I, musty-fusty old lawyer that I am, can count as a victim when you reckon heads.

"Well, be it so! I acknowledge my folly; but I see it. I have not lost all sense and self-respect however, Miss Derrick, I assure you. I will not trouble you with importunities, nor even with the sight of my long face. I will keep out of your way, be sure, if only you will give up this notion of keeping out of mine. For Heaven's sake, don't give me the pain of thinking I have driven you out of this house, where I promised you should find a home! You will never cure me in that way—never! Child, stay, for pity's sake, and try to forget this; let it be as if it had not been!"

He turned again to the window—moodily wearily, heaving a heavy sigh. Avis stood and looked at him with eyes that glowed and melted, and a soft warmth of happiness about her heart.

Out of her pain and perplexity and miserable humiliation, she had come to this;

and the past was gone, forgotten, vanished like a dream.

"I don't think there is another man in the world who would have made such a speech," she said, in a sweet tremulous voice, laughing and tender—"so proud and so humble, so cruel and so kind; but then I don't think there is another man in the world like you John."

It was the first time she had used his name; and a lovely red blush flushed over her face as she spoke it. He started, turned made an eager forward stride, his face lit up with an uncertain, half-incredulous delight.

"It is not possible!" he cried. "And yet Avis, what was it you said? What is it that I see in your face?"

"Happiness, perhaps," she answered, with a soft little half-sob. "Oh, John, I thought you would never care for me, and it made me so miserable that was why I wanted to go away! But now——"

"Ay, now?" he said.

* * * * *

"And I thought you were to marry Miss Massey!" Avis slowly murmured by-and-by.

"Lucy? Pshaw! What put that into your head?" John asked. "We are good friends and cousins no more. And indeed I never thought of marrying till lately, when I saw all those fellows about you, and found that my age and my plain face and all my brusque rough ways had left me human, after all."

"Hush, sir! I won't have you disparage my property. To think"—with a little contented sigh—"that, just this time yesterday that dreadful man was threatening me because of poor Hugh Massey! He said he would tell you; and, oh, I thought you would despise me!"

"Despise you, my darling? But don't think of the fellow any more."

"I don't mind him now," she admitted frankly. "It is so sweet to feel that I am free."

"But you are not free," he smiled, holding her closer to him. "You are bound to me now."

"Yes; but then I loathed my chain, now I love it. You see, one may wear one's rue with a difference," she said, with a happy laugh.

[THE END]

Elsie's Adventure.

BY HENRY FRITH.

OH, Martha! I am so afraid! Suppose I meet somebody! Suppose I should be robbed all in the dark!"

"Nonsense, Miss Elsie! The road's as safe by night as 'tis by day! Why, 'tis but six o'clock; and as for the distance, t'aint no more than half a mile."

"That is by the fields, Martha—by the road it is longer; and there is one part of the way so dark!"

"The darkness doesn't hurt folks, Miss Elsie. Pluck up a bit of courage, and in an hour or so you'll be back. Now, if I wasn't lame——"

"But you are, Martha, and I must have courage! So good-bye! Oh! how I wish I was safely at home again! To be sure, in one way, the darkness will help me, because it will prevent me being seen. Now, then, I am off!"

"And a safe journey, Miss Elsie," responded Martha. "It won't be a very long one. Just put your hair well under your hat, and muffle your cloak round you. 'Tis as well not to let your bright face be seen, to be sure—not when you're out at this time alone!"

"Oh, Martha! don't make me more afraid than I am! If I don't run straight off this moment all my little stock of courage will ooze away. Wish me safe back—Oh! it is dark!"

With which words the youthful speaker opened the garden-gate and fled away along the straight dark road with swift steps.

It was a still night, though it was winter. Not a leaf was stirring, not a bough moved, and a thick canopy of gray clouds shrouded everything.

The sun had set long since, so long that twilight had entirely yielded to darkness. Indeed it was so dark, even at this early hour of the evening, that a passer-by had come to a standstill upon the wet greensward bordering the road intending to ask his way; and it was during the short pause he made, whilst he momentarily hesitated whether he should go up to the house close at hand and make inquiries, or trust to his own recollection of the spot, that he overheard the short dialogue with which our story opens.

"Poor young lady! I will not increase her fear!" so thought the good-natured young fellow, who, unintentionally had caught the words exchanged between Miss Elsie and Martha.

And thus he remained stockstill upon the turf till the young lady, who was so timid should have got far enough upon her road, not to be alarmed by the sound of his footsteps coming behind her; for he too was going in that direction, and he abandoned his notion of taking the field path; he could find his way without inquiry along the level high road.

Naturally he asked himself who this Miss Elsie was, also where she was going, and why; but none of the mental queries seemed likely to find answer.

He could only infer that she was going towards Morehaim, a country town fully half a mile distant. What a sweet, musical voice she had too, as she parleyed with the servant at the gate before she emerged into the darkness which she so very much dreaded!

Our passer-by, a young man very well to in the world, a rising architect, longed to offer his escort to this girl who was so terrified at the gloom.

But he, a stranger, could offer no such thing, he himself would be a further source of alarm to her; so he was silent, allowing her to pass on her way.

"I do wish I had caught a glimpse of her face," thought he. "With such a sweet voice beauty must go hand in hand most surely!"

And then he listened till he was certain the young girl was far ahead, when he too took the way to Morehaim.

He walked leisurely, so as not to overtake the flying footsteps of Elsie; and he had reached half-way towards Morehaim when he became aware of a movement ahead of him, and next he saw the glimmer of a lantern which somebody must be carrying. Then came a voice, but not before Arthur Bayford (such was our young man's name) had distinguished by that momentary gleam of light the shrinking form of a girl by the roadside.

Was it that of Elsie? Had she been afraid to go on? Arthur remained perfectly quiet, shrouded by the dense gloom.

It was at this point that a man's voice—hoarse, disagreeable, as if fearful of being overheard—said, cautiously:

"So you're come, Betty? I had to light the lantern a minute to make sure; my old eyes get blinder every day. Hush! 'tis to-night, girl, you're to take the tools, d'ye hear? —to-night, afore eleven o'clock. Go behind the big barn at Pine Grove, and Jim and his pals will be there. Ah! you've learned your lesson well at last? No speakin', listenin's best at these times. Here's the tools! Be off!"

Next, there was a shambling sound, as of some one stealing off—some one who could not walk freely and with ease—then silence.

Arthur, straining his ears to catch every sound, felt very uncomfortable. What he had now overheard appeared so like a dark secret. Surely, the man who had enjoined his confederate to take the tools to the big barn at Pine Grove was a thief and in league with thieves.

How still it was! Had the girl moved on? He must have made a strange mistake to suppose that shrinking figure, of which he had obtained a swiftly-vanishing glance, was that of Elsie.

To whomsoever it belonged, however, it was impossible for Arthur to go on his way unheeding. If iniquity were planned, he must take some measures to stop it.

"I will see who it is at any cost!"

In a moment he had struck a match from a box he carried with his cigar-case, and for a brief second or two his gaze pierced the darkness around him.

Yes! there was the figure of a girl not three yards from the spot where he stood, but she was so muffled up in her cloak that it was impossible for him to determine whether this was Elsie or the man's accomplice; but at her feet lay a small rush basket. Were "the tools" within it?

"Who are you?" said he, grasping the the basket as his frail light expired, and left the enveloping gloom blacker than ever. But the girl made no reply, and Arthur could be certain she was stealing away in the darkness. "I will know the end of this matter!" exclaimed he, again striking a match, and wishing that some passing vehicle would come that way.

But all was silent, save for a soft cry which smote his ear for a moment.

The young man felt sure that that cry came from the musical, though terrified, voice of her whom he had heard addressed as "Miss Elsie."

"Don't be alarmed!" cried he. "Have you been frightened? Can I be of any use in escorting you to the town? My name is Arthur Bayford, and I am the architect who is erecting the new buildings on Lord Harton's estate."

His answer to these hurried sentences was a burst of hysterical tears from the young lady, who had been intensely terrified by her encounter with the man who (mistaking her for somebody else) had confided to her care "the tools."

"Pray—pray don't be alarmed—you are safe now. Permit me to be your escort?" said Arthur, quite agitated at the lady's distress.

His manner was so reassuring that she soon grew calmer.

"I was going into Morehaim," said she. "A servant of my father's has slipped down a short flight of stairs, and I could not let her go through the night without medical advice; and my father is away from home, and our other servant is elderly and lame; what could I do but volunteer to go to Morehaim myself?"

"I understand," rejoined he. "Will you permit me to be of any service? Allow me to accompany you to the house of the medical man, and to see you in safety; there will be plenty of time afterwards to inform the police of this rendezvous behind the big barn at Pine Grove."

"Oh, thank you! thank you sincerely!" said Elsie, greatly relieved by his words and tone of voice.

The darkness was not less dense around her than when she started on her errand, but somehow it seemed as if her trouble was at an end.

At eighteen one is ready to confide in any appearance of kindness, and Elsie felt that her trust in this unknown protector would not be misplaced.

They walked on together in the wintry gloom, and can it be wondered at that Elsie had a great curiosity to see Arthur, and that Arthur had an immense desire to behold Elsie? Under the circumstances of such a meeting, was it possible that they should feel on the footing of acquaintanceship formed but a moment ago?

Their youth, their unexpected encounter, the very darkness which shrouded them from each other's gaze, the episode with the unknown man who had mistaken Elsie for some other person, her terror, Arthur's quickly-proffered protection, all combined to impress them each with a sense of romance and with a certain interest in each other.

To walk into Morehaim seemed quite short to both, and when the doctor's house was reached, and Elsie asked "if Dr. Meadows was at home," Arthur made a sudden exclamation.

"Can it be that he is the Dr. Meadows who was so kind to me when a boy? Oh, Miss Maynard!" by this time he had ascertained her name," permit me to wait a moment in order to satisfy myself on this point, and also be sure if I can be of any further use to you."

Dr. Meadows was not at home, however, he was not expected for another couple of hours; and Elsie, after leaving an urgent message concerning her disabled servant, was glad enough to accept Arthur's offer of an escort home.

Then, while she rested in the doctor's study, Arthur carried the suspicious basket of tools to the police station, and gave information concerning the projected meeting behind the wonderful big barn at Pine Grove.

And in another half hour Elsie and her hitherto unknown companion were retracing their steps, Elsie's heart beating faster than usual—Arthur in nowise displeased at this having to traverse his path a second time.

On the way back the young people seemed to learn a good deal of each other, and they were alike regretful that the walk was at an end, when once more Elsie stood at her father's gate.

And yet it was not a night when, for mere it was not a night when, for mere pleasure, anyone would have lingered out of doors. Why, then, was Elsie decidedly sorry to turn out of the chill mist into the shelter of home and Arthur so willing to prolong their parting by every small device in his power? Was it that love was already born in each heart, though as yet he shrouded his face under another guise?

* * * * * *

"Well, my dear, I must say you had an adventure which might have ended more seriously, and we must be civil to this nice Mr. Bayford and ask him to lunch or to dinner. Dr. Meadows remembers him, and he is a rising young man, and will make his way in the world. Indeed, I question whether he will care to make the acquaintance of such small folks as ourselves. Still, we will do him the civility to give him the chance."

"Yes, papa; for he was very kind," murmured Elsie.

A day or two had passed since we saw Mr. Arthur Bayford and Miss Maynard part at the garden-gate, and it is not too much to say that Arthur had thought unceasingly of Elsie ever since, and that Elsie's thoughts had traveled continually to Arthur. Would he accept her father's invitation? She remembered now to have heard his name, for Lord Harton was erecting some buildings on his estate, and it was the clergyman of the parish who had said in Elsie's hearing, "that the architect Lord Harton was employing was as young as he was clever."

It was all that she could do to conceal her agitation and pleasure when Mr. Bayford accompanied her father back to luncheon one day the week following.

The meeting was certainly a little embarrassing for both young people, for though they had walked and talked together, they could hardly be said to have seen each other, save for a fleeting moment at Dr. Meadows' door; and now, when they shook hands in friendly fashion, and the wintry sunlight shone in and lighted up Elsie's bright hair and fair face, Arthur was dazzled by her youthful beauty, as she was secretly charmed with his handsome eyes and tall stature.

The mid-day repast was prolonged by pleasant chat, and Arthur was very ready to accept Mr. Maynard's cordial invitation to "come again."

But as the days slipped by, Elsie's father began to regret his offer of hospitality. For his darling child (Elsie was his only daughter) was evidently unhappy, when, a month later, Arthur Bayford left the neighborhood.

"She has grown to love him; and he—he has thought nothing of her further than as a friendly acquaintance," mused the anxious father; "and I cannot lay the blame at any other door than my own! He paid her no particular attention; he sees a score of other girls in society. Oh, my poor Elsie! how I wish she had never gone into Morehaim that night!"

But Elsie did not wish that, though she was grieving very sorely. Never to have seen or known Arthur would have been more dreadful to her than to have known and lost him.

She was telling this one winter afternoon to her own heart, as she lingered in her father's little garden, when a footstep sounded on the gravel walk, and he who now filled her whole thoughts stood before her. Why did he seize her hands, holding them fast in his, if he cared nothing for her? Elsie's own heart began to beat rapturously, tumultuously!

"Come into the wood with me, Elsie," whispered he, "I have something to tell you which I have traveled here to-day expressly to tell—something I have so longed to whisper to you, darling! Oh! Elsie, what shall I do if you send me away from you!"

But instead of sending him away they walked back hand-in-hand together after the lapse of two or three hours, when night and darkness drove them to remember that Elsie's father would wonder what had become of her.

And so she accepted Arthur for her bridegroom; and in the spring, when the young couple were wedded, Elsie's display of wedding-presents was so brilliant that a local newspaper enumerated the list. For Lord Harton offered bridal gifts as well as the wealthy owner of Pine Grove: the latter desiring to testify his gratitude to the beautiful bride for having been the means of intercepting the designs of a gang of housebreakers, who were captured behind the "big barn" the evening when she first met him who was now her bridegroom and her life's protector and joy.

A HAREM IN MOROCCO.—The following lively description of the Sultan of Morocco's harem at Fez is taken from "Morocco: its Places and People."

"To-day the chief custodian of the palace gave me secretly the key of the terrace, warmly recommending us to observe prudence. It appears that he had received orders not to refuse the keys, but to give them only if urgently asked for; and this because the terraces at Fez as in other cities of Morocco, belong to the women, and are considered almost as appendages of the harem.

"We went up to the terrace, which is very spacious, and completely surrounded by a wall higher than a man, having a few loopholes for windows. The palace being very high, and built on a height, hundreds of white terraces could be seen from thence, as well as the hills which surround the city, and the distant mountains; and below another small garden, from the midst of which rose a palm-tree so tall as to overtop the building by almost one-third of its own stature.

"Looking through these loophole windows, we seemed to see into another world. Upon the terraces, far and near, were many women, the greater part of them, judging by their dress, in easy circumstances, ladies, if that title can be given to Moorish women. A few were seated upon the parapets, some walking about, some jumping with the agility of squirrels from one terrace to the other, hiding, reappearing, and throwing water in each other's faces, laughing merrily. There were old women and young, little girls of eight or ten, all dressed in the strangest garments, and of the most brilliant colors.

"Most of them had falling over their shoulders, a red or green silk handkerchief tied round the head in a band, a sort of caftan of different colors, with wide sleeves, bound round the waist with a blue or crimson sash; a velvet jacket open at the breast; wide trousers, yellow slippers, and large silver rings above the ankle.

"One only of these ladies was near enough for us to see her features. She was a woman of about thirty, dressed in gala dress, and standing on a terrace a cat's jump below our own. She was looking down into a garden, leaning her head upon her hand.

"We looked at her with a glass. Heavens! what a picture! Eyes darkened with antimony, cheeks painted red, throat painted white, nails stained with henna, she was a perfect painter's palette; but handsome, despite her thirty years, with a full face and almond-shaped eyes, languid, and veiled by long black lashes; the nose a little turned up; a small round mouth, as the Moorish poet says, like a ring; and a sylph-like figure, whose soft and curling lines were shown by the thin texture of her dress. She seemed sad. Perhaps some youthful bride of fourteen had late entered the harem and stolen her husband's caresses. From time to time she glanced at her hand, her arm, a tress of hair that fell over her bosom, and sighed.

"The sound of our voices suddenly roused her; she looked up, saw that we were observing her, jumped over the parapet of the terrace with the dexterity of an acrobat, and vanished. To see better, we sent for a chair, and drew lots which should mount it first. The lot falling to me, I placed the chair against the wall, and succeeded in raising my head and shoulders above it.

It was like the apparition of a new star in the sky of Fez, if I may be excused the audacity of the simile. I was seen at once from the nearer houses, the occupants of which at once took to flight, then turned to look, and announced the event to those on the more distant terraces.

"In a few minutes the news had spread from terrace to terrace over half the city; curious eyes appeared everywhere, and I found myself in a sort of pillory. But the beauty of the spectacle held me to my post. There were hundreds of women and children on the parapets, on the little towers, on the outer staircases, all turned towards me, all in flaming colors, from those nearer ones, whose features I could discern, to those more distant, who were mere white, green, or vermilion points to my eye; some of the terraces were so full that they seemed like baskets of flowers; and everywhere there was a buzz and hurry and gesticulation, as if they were all looking on at some celestial phenomenon. Not to put the entire city in commotion I descended from my seat."

To do wrong, or, what is the same thing, to refrain from doing right, when the time for action arrives, because we are afraid of what other people may say or think, is the worst form of slavery.

THE unmistakable development of a grasping mind—Picking pockets.

DENIAL.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Oft the fond parent must deny some plea,
Unto his loved ones, since he can foresee,
That granting what their thoughtless natures crave,
May bring them woe—or other mishap grave.

To much we ask, God's wisdom must dissent,
And e'en small store, if blest with fair content,
He knows is best and may more joy afford,
Than all the gold that care-swept misers hoard.
He also sees whom fame and wealth might sear,
And's kindest then when deemed the most severe.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

NO. 9, MECKLEN STREET.

"I'M one o' that sort, my dear, that never gives up," said Uncle Wash., rather despondently. "I'm beat for the present, but we'll have him. Don't you fear about that."

"But it seems so hard," cried Judith, "to have got hold of the clue, and then for it to snap asunder as it did!"

"Yes, my dear; but we'll pick it up again never you fear. I'll spend every penny I've got but what I'll have him!"

"It's a puzzler," said Sir Robert.

"Ah, it is, colonel! You see, this place is so crowded up with houses there's no chance of looking out for a bit of sign; and it's always the same with the police they've got information that they're following up, and when they get to the end they're blind leads!"

Three weary months had passed, and, in spite of every effort, not a scrap of knowledge could be obtained.

Northall had been visited again and again and Farleigh had been up constantly to see them; but the only news he had to impart was that the landlord had taken possession of the house and furniture, as his tenants had quite disappeared.

One day he had found the driver of the fly by the help of Isaac, who quite neglected his business in the keenness with which he took up the hunt; but the discovery was worthless, for the man had nothing to tell beyond the fact that he had driven the party to a little hotel in Surrey Street, where they had passed the night.

They had left that hotel the next morning in a cab to see a doctor in Harley Street, and it must have been a long interview, for they had not since returned.

Sir Robert had taken apartments in Jermyn Street, and Sir Harry and Lady Fanshaw had stayed there twice to see an eminent physician, who had done her ladyship an immense deal of good—so Sir Harry declared.

Perhaps he did, but there was another physician at work, beneath the touch of whose hand changes were being wrought in the sick woman's mind, which told more strongly upon Alice Fanshaw's bodily state than the best thought-out prescriptions of Doctor Royal.

It was, then, one evening after three months of weary search and anxiety, when clue after clue had been taken up, and all had been in vain, that Sir Robert, Judith and Uncle Wash. were sitting moodily together, and the latter had declared himself to be about beat.

"I'm beginning to think," he said, "that they've taken him out of the country. Gone back home, perhaps. I wish Arthur would give way and pay 'em, and end it all. But he won't, sir!"

"Don't you think he will at last?"

"No, sir; he's that firm and obstinate that he'd die first."

Judith shivered.

"You see, he don't know, my dear, that you are trying to find him, or he'd pay ready enough."

Judith was too anxious of heart to put on any etiquette of retiring maidenism, and she said, sadly—

"I wish he'd give up everything."

"And so do I!"

"Gentleman to see you, sir," said the maid, bringing in a card.

"Farleigh!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "Show him in."

"You have some news, Mr. Farleigh!" cried Judith, running to meet the pale, breathless curate.

"Don't be excited," he cried; "perhaps it means nothing, but look here. Came by post this evening, and I ran up at once. It's Friday evening and service, but I've left that, and the people are waiting."

Judith snatched at the letter the curate offered with trembling fingers, and read, hastily:—

"Mr. Farleigh took great interest in his friend, Mr. Arthur Range. He is requested to tell Mr. Range's friends that they will find what they seek at No. 9, Mecklen Street, Gray's Inn Road. Someone must go at once."

"Let me look!" cried Uncle Wash. "Ha! Dated last night. Perhaps it may be only a plan to draw money; but we'll go and see at once."

It was of no avail to try and persuade Judith. She insisted on forming one of the party; and in half an hour the cab stopped at No. 9 in the gloomy, shabby narrow street.

It was a large house, and the blinds were down, the blank, closed-eyed look of the place chilling the visitors as they took all in at a glance.

Even with raised blinds the aspect of the place would have been repelling, for it was terribly neglected.

The windows had not been cleaned for years; it was a stranger to paint; and the area railings were rough with rust and peeling scales.

The whole street looked forsaken and poverty-stricken, the houses for the most part having the doors wide open, and the door-posts ornamented with a column of bells, like organ stops, telling the number of lodgers in each tenement.

Uncle Wash. dismissed the cabman, for the children swarmed in the street, even gathering round to the neglect of their regular pastimes, of which the neglected street and its well-worn pavement formed the playground.

A sharp rapping with the rusted knocker raised an echo in the house, but nothing followed as the sound died away, and there was no answer when the area bell was rung. It could be heard jangling somewhere below, and repetitions of the pull had no other result.

Some more bell-pulls were on the door-post, but they only produced a wheezy, squeaking sound of wires. That was all.

"There ain't nobody at home; they've all gone, out," said a small, old-looking child, who was carrying one nearly as big as herself, the task being so laborious that she was glad to sit down on the doorstep to rest while she looked up and talked to the visitors.

"Do you know who lives here?" said Farleigh.

"No. There ain't nobody at home; they have all gone out!"

"But somebody does live here?"

"Yes. There's three gentlemen and a lady. I thought you was them come back; but you ain't them. She's ever so much bigger than her. I live over the way."

"It is they!" cried Farleigh, and Judith clung to her uncle's arm; for the dingy house seemed to be swaying about, the little speaker to be looming large, and the baby she carried to be developing into a shawl-swathed goblin gloating over her pains.

"I do not think there's anyone at home," said a big policeman, stopping by the group.

"Constable," said Sir Robert, "we want to search this house at once."

"Have you the key, sir?"

"No; but——"

Sir Robert and Uncle Wash., had a short colloquy with the man, whose aspect rapidly became wonderfully changed.

"I was told to keep an eye on the place, gentlemen," he said. "You'd better come on to the station at once."

"You go, Sir Robert," said Uncle Wash., sharply. "Any backway to these houses, constable?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'll do sentry till you come back. What, going to stay, my dear?" said Uncle Wash., quickly. "That's right."

For Judith had slipped her hand through his arm; and for the next quarter of an hour they had to stand and be stared at by a gathering crowd of children.

It was a relief when their party came back—the constable reinforced by an inspector and another of the force, who bore a bag, from which, after a few trials, he produced a key which made the door fly open, and they stood in the dark, evil-smelling passage of the house.

Bad as it was, it seemed a relief to be out of sight of the little crowd gathering on the pavement, and to keep them in check one of the policemen was left outside, for someone had started the theory that there had been a murder at number nine; hence the spectators were augmenting fast.

"I'm 'bout sure he's here, officer," said Uncle Wash. "You've heard I've offered rewards to the man who finds him?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we've heard about the case, but don't be too sure," replied the inspector. "Tom, open the first window you come to. No, not there; the people will be spiking their necks on the area rails to stare in."

They had entered what had once been a good dining-room, to find it shabbily furnished, and the remains of a meal roughly spread upon the table.

The back room had been used for a sleeping chamber, and here a window was thrown open to admit the air.

Then there was an ante-chamber, and what had been a study—a dark little room that had once possessed a stained-glass window.

"Nothing here," said the inspector. "Run downstairs, and look at the kitchens and cellars, Tom."

The constable opened his bull's-eye lantern, and went down with Uncle Wash., and kitchens, cellars, and cupboards were run through without result.

"Just as well to carry your work all before you, sir," said the inspector to Sir Robert. "We should only have been thinking that perhaps they were downstairs while we were searching up!"

The first floor had a few articles of furniture of the commonest, cheapest kind, and two of the rooms had been also used as bedrooms, but evidently meant for temporary use, for there were very few of the ordinary articles of use.

These rooms were soon examined, and so was the second floor, for the three rooms here were bare and foul as some former occupant had left them.

"Only the garrets now," said the inspector, as they were making their way back to the landing. "Just run up, Tom. I daresay the lady won't care to go up there."

A dead silence fell upon the party, for just then, from over head came a feeble knocking sound.

"By Jingo! there's some one, after all," cried the inspector, whom the sound had, as it were, galvanised into a state of excitement.

Judith had stood with her hands clasped for a moment, and then darted across the landing and up the creaking stairs, followed rapidly by the others.

"Here! here!" she cried, beating with her hands upon a door that was secured on the outside by a large padlock; and, as excited now as the rest, the inspector held open the bag while his subordinate drew out an iron tool remarkably like the implement a burglar would have used for a similar purpose.

"Off with it, Tom," cried the inspector, whose mind was a good deal filled with the idea of the promised reward, and after a few sharp wrenches a strong staple was torn out and the padlock clanged against the time-stained door."

"Now miss, please, I think I'd stop back while we go in first. It mightn't be——"

He was holding the door to, for Judith had pressed forward, half mad with excitement.

"Let me go!" she panted, hoarsely. "I must—I must!"

She threw the door open, and went quickly into the long, low, sloping-ceiled room, half darkened by an old blanket nailed across the window; but there was light enough for her to see him she sought, ghastly to look upon, with his sunken, staring eyes, stretched upon a paillasse on the floor holding himself up to gaze at his rescuers, and then, as Judith rushed in, to fall back with a groan.

Friends and officials stopped short inside the room, as, with a wild cry, Judith threw herself upon her knees beside the ghastly-looking prisoner, and raised his head to hold it to her breast.

"They've killed him!" she cried. "Uncle! A doctor! Quick!"

Then, in a low, piteous tone, as she clasped the attenuated form more closely to her—

"Oh, Arthur! My love; my love!"

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"CURSE him! is he ever going to give in?" said Sheldrake. "I've a good mind to kill him."

"You've pretty well done it as it is," growled Pannell. "Poor wretch! it's too bad."

"Hadn't you better go and give information to the police, or has your wife done it already? She's soft enough on him."

"You leave her alone."

"Leave her alone? You'll get up some morning and find her gone off with him."

"Look here, Shell," cried Pannell, in a voice full of suppressed passion, and with menace in his look, "I don't want to hit out because when I do I hit hard. This makes three times you've said that cowardly thing to me. Don't do it again."

"No, no; don't, Shell!" cried Mewburn. "Don't quarrel. Things are bad enough as it is. All this horrible expense, and we shall fail, after all."

"Not we; I don't fail in what I take up," said Sheldrake, fiercely.

"You'll fail here," said Pannell, "and I'm not going to have my wife stop in this cursed hole any longer."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I've taken rooms close by, where we can breathe."

"And what does Sarah say?" sneered Sheldrake.

"What I like in this case," growled Pannell. "I'm master when I like to be, and I'm master now."

"Isn't she coming back, then?"

"No."

"And are you going to stay away, too?" exclaimed Mewburn.

"Not likely, Nathan," replied the big fellow. "There, I'm going over to her now. I'll be back about three, and then you fellows can go out for a change. But, look here, Shell, you've gone far enough. I won't have that poor fellow ill-used any more."

Sheldrake did not speak till Pannell had left the miserable sitting-room and the front door had closed behind him.

"Curse him!" he cried, "he's getting too overbearing. I planned all this, didn't I, Nathan?"

"You did, Shell; but you see you've failed, and the expense——"

"It's a lie! I've not failed," cried Sheldrake. "What's that?"

He turned white as a loud knock was heard.

"It's all right; it's Jack," said Mewburn rising to answer the door, Sheldrake following to listen.

"I've come back to tell you, Nathan," whispered Pannell, "the place is watched—that same policeman is here again."

The three confederates stood gazing at each other.

"What's to be done?" said Mewburn, dolefully.

"What's to be done?" cried Sheldrake, with a sneer. "Is there no other spot in London but this? Be off, Jack, and don't come back," he cried, peremptorily. "I'll come to you at your lodgings. Where are you?"

"Ninety-nine, Wilman Street."

"Right. Nathan and I will go and take another place. We'll get him away from here to-night."

Pannell nodded and went off, taking a round-about route to reach his lodgings, for fear of being tracked; and an hour later Sheldrake and Mewburn followed.

"He's at the bottom of the street, Shell," whispered the latter, as Sheldrake was looking the door.

"Take it coolly!" was the reply; and, placing the key in his pocket, the pair strolled off.

Three hours later, when they returned to the end of the street, they saw a police sergeant talking to one of his men at the door; and, after hesitating and feeling that they dare not risk it, the confederate went slowly away.

"It's walking into the lion's jaws, Nathan," said Sheldrake, grimly. "Wait till it's dark."

When night fell, first one and then the other went back, but there was always a policeman there, and they dare not make their attempt that night.

The next day the surveillance was close, for there was suspicion in the Scotland Yard mind that coining was carried on at this house in Mecklen Street; and, to make matters worse for the confederates, they found now they were watched as well, and it needed all their cunning to keep clear.

To get Range away was like inviting the capture of the whole party, and Sheldrake was half mad with rage.

Three nights running he had engaged cabs in readiness to go up to the house, but the slightest movement in that direction resulted in the appearance of a constable; and he stood at last staring at his companions, ready to confess that it was checkmate.

It was the evening of the fourth day that John Pannell joined his wife in the little coffee-house that they had made their temporary home, the Wilman Street lodgings having been deemed unsafe.

"Look here, my girl!" he said, hoarsely, "I can't stand this any longer. Here's all I've got left. You take it and look after yourself!"

"What are you going to do, Jack?"

"To do? Why, that poor wretch is starving to death in that attic, and I'm going to have him out and end all this! I wanted to be square to Shell and Nathan, but I've been cursing the whole business for several months."

"Yes; it has been a bad affair," said the woman, gloomily.

"'Bad' don't say it, my girl. Now, look here; you know what this means, don't you?"

She shook her head.

"Well, I shall either be taken by the police or Shell will put a revolver bullet through my brains! So good-bye, old girl! You haven't been so warm to me as in the old days, but I've always been the same to you. Just think kindly of me if it comes to the worst; and, as to breaking with Shell and Nathan—there, it's like murder to go on, and I can't. Good-bye!"

"Jack!" she cried, wildly, as she flung herself into his arms, "you shan't go! You shan't leave me! I haven't been as kind to you as I should, but I'm going to change. There—my own husband once again."

"No," he said, softly, as he kissed her tenderly and tried to loosen her hold; "I must do it. You wouldn't have that poor fellow starve to death?"

"No," she replied; "but it is not you who shall break faith. I wrote to his people last night; and, poor boy, he's safe by now!"

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

YES.

IT was Lady Fanshaw who insisted upon going back to Helmthorpe. Sir Harry had opposed her in his gentle, tender way, but she was so firm that he yielded, and they returned after a couple of months' travel on the continent in company with Sir Robert and Judith, who played the part of guides to two American friends who did not require much persuasion to visit at the old Priory once again.

A glorious afternoon, one of those rich, mellow September days which made Uncle Wash. declare England was not so very bad after all.

He was seated beneath one of the spreading trees with Sir Robert, who had been enjoying his afternoon hookah and had dropped asleep.

There was no one looking, as the old American satisfied himself, after a furtive look round and much listening, during which his large ears twitched in rather a wild animal fashion.

Satisfied of this, he softly extricated a steel box from his pocket, a knife from his vest, and, cutting off a piece of twist tobacco thrust it into his mouth.

"That's better," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "That's the only thing I have again' grand society—a man can't have a honest chew.

"And has to take his pleasure like by stealth," he added, after an enjoyable interval. "Ah! there they go—bless her. Makes a man wish he was young again and Arthur Lincoln Range."

He needed re-naming, for the gentleman—he would have disowned the title—who was by Judith Nesbitt's side was very brown and foreign-looking with his closely-cut hair, which came down in a point above his forehead, while beard and moustache were of the same peculiar cut.

They were deep in conversation, which ceased as they came suddenly across Sir Harry and Lady Fanshaw upon one of the garden seats.

Their approach was not heard, and they did not hear Sir Harry's low, husky voice; and it was as well, for he was speaking very earnestly.

"No," he was saying, "I will not hear one word from you. Why should I, dear wife? You say you would confess. What is there to confess that I do not know? Are you not happy?"

"Happy?" she cried, reproachfully. "Oh yes; but it is always on my mind that I should humble myself to you to the very dust."

"My wife humbled? No," he said, softly. "There, sweetheart, be at rest. You could tell me nothing I did not see for myself."

"Harry!" she wailed.

"Hush, dearest!" he whispered. "I awoke to it all that awful day when I saw the boy I had loved so well purified by death; and then by degrees what seemed to be one tangle of horrors slowly grew plain and straight. I saw the long and bitter struggle of the woman I had made my wife against temptation, burdened with a knowledge that would have driven others mad. Wife," he said, in slow and solemn tones, "George Carleigh is dead and with him died the past."

* * * * *

"And—oh! I hardly like to talk about it, Arthur—it makes me jealous."

"Then never a word will I speak again, I swear," said Range, tenderly.

"Oh! but I must know, dear. I could not bear not to know. But you shouldn't have let them love you. Two women! Oh, Arthur! how could you be so base?"

"Base?"

"No, I don't mean base," cried Judith, hastily. "You ought not to be so horribly handsome, dear."

"I don't think it was my looks," he said, laughing. "But there, let it go. It's like a nightmare, but I don't mind. I'd go through another year like that—I'd go through seven or even fourteen—like Jacob of old, to win my Rachel at last."

"Hush! Arthur; don't, pray don't talk like that!" she whispered. "I must know about that dreadful, handsome woman, though. You didn't love her?"

"No," he said. "How could I when you robbed me of the power?"

"And—and while you were at that dreadful house where I found you?"

"She was not so bitter and cruel there," he said, speaking frankly. "She was repentant and sorry, I am sure, for what I was suffering."

"Oh! Arthur, I don't quite like that!"

"But it moved her to write to get me set free. Judith, darling, I had been three days, as I told you, without food, and I believe I should have died."

"Arthur!" she whispered; and she clung to his arm.

"Well, you would have me tell you. There now, let's talk of something else."

"But are you sure you never loved her—a little?"

"Look in my eyes for the answer," he said. "Poor woman!" he continued, after Judith had obeyed and uttered a low, satisfied sigh; "I believe she and her great faithful St. Bernard dog of a husband stood between me and that scoundrel Sheldrake many a time. The fellow was like a disappointed fiend at last."

"Oh, Arthur, dear, you should have given up and paid them!"

"I would if I had known what I know now," he said, tenderly; "but I was furious and mad."

"No, no; not mad, dear!"

"Not mad as some people call madness," he said, smiling; "but there, I fought them obstinately, and I won."

"And won't they be punished, dear?"

"No," he said, grimly. "If I had them hunted down I should have to punish John Pannell and his wife, and I don't want to do that."

He spoke so sternly that Judith watched him curiously for a few minutes.

"Now tell me about my other rival!" she cried, merrily.

"What! poor Jane?" he said, laughing. "Poor lass! She was out walking with that man the butcher, who tried to help me, and as soon as she saw me she burst out crying, and hoped I wouldn't be angry with her, because she said she'd promised to marry Isaac!"

"And were you very angry?" said Judith archly.

"Terribly," he said, merrily. "I've told Isaac to get himself as good a business as he can buy in London, and that there's the money when—oh! I hate to talk about money, Judith. Tell me. When is it to be?"

"I don't know," said Judith. "Alice will settle that. You men are so stupidly impatient."

"Impatient?" he whispered. "Judy, darling, say 'Yes' for a month from now, or I shall go mad indeed!"

"The dressing-bell at last!" cried Sir Robert, starting from his nap. "Hallo! Look at that, Washington Range, my fine fellow, see how my little brigadier has conquered your ugly boy! How happy the gipsy looks!"

The fact was that Judith had just said "Yes!"

[THE END.]

CANALS AND THEIR LENGTHS.—The Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe—the canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. Its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks, and about 50 aqueducts, and in its highest part it is no less than 600 feet above the sea: it is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons.

The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, completed in 1825. It is 124 ft. wide at the water surface, 31 ft. wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 ft.; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder—51 miles. The Caledonian Canal in Scotland has a total length of 60 miles, including 3 lakes.

The Erie Canal is 150½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 26 ft. 4 in. deep, 72 ft. 5 in. wide at the bottom, 329 ft. wide at water surface, and eighty miles long.

My Marriage.

BY S. W.

I HAD been an old friend of Henry Osborne's father, and it was quite natural for the son to select me as his agent on a certain little delicate mission of love to a maiden lady, Miss Eleanor, the aunt and guardian of the object of his affections, Miss Fanny Eastham.

Now I had learned, in the course of the negotiations, that Fanny's marriage depended upon her relation's choice, and there was a will in which some thirty thousand pounds went to her, in case of her niece not complying with its requirements. She had besides, as I learned from a certain source, nearly as much in her own right.

As thirty thousand pounds is a pleasant sum, and so Miss Eleanor was fair enough to look upon, I thought it nowise amiss, while attending to Henry's affairs, to do a little love making on my own account. The result was the aunt and myself were married by special license. I had sent a telegram to young Osborne, informing him of how things stood, and bidding him come on.

He did so, and we had a somewhat stormy scene together. After a time he said:

"Be good enough to answer a few questions I am going to put to you. They are important. What was your object in marrying this lady?"

I was not going to stand this. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "all the fat would be in the fire" if I allowed him to go on.

"Sir, your question is an insult! Look at my wife! I wonder how you dare utter such words in her presence! Come, Eleanor, my dear; it is not fit that you should listen any longer to this insolent boy! We will leave him, since he seems incapable of taking his own dismissal."

I took my wife by the arm, and made for the door; but Osborne stopped me.

"Not so fast, Sharpe; we will have this matter settled before I lose sight of you. Since you refuse to answer my last question, I will put another to you. I know you pretty well, and can form my own estimate as to your motive in asking this lady to marry you. Now, this is my next question: Did you go to Somerset House before you came down here?"

"What the deuce does that matter to you?" I retorted.

"Did you read Mr. Benjamin Eastham's will, in which he bequeaths twenty-five thousand to his sister?"

"I decline to answer that question," I replied, angrily, for I felt I was being put into a corner.

My wife let go my arm and looked questioningly at me.

"Which means that you did read the will. Good! But did you read the codicil?"

"Curse the codicil!" I exclaimed, with all the heartiness imaginable.

My wife gave another shriek; but we were both too excited to take any notice of her.

"Because if you had, you would have seen that in it the bequest to the testator's sister is revoked, and the twenty-five thousand pounds bestowed upon her niece, Miss Frances Eastham, in consequence of Miss Eastham's determined opposition to her brother's marriage."

When I came to myself—which was not for some moments after—I found myself sitting on the floor, and Henry standing over me. My wife was sobbing in a chair near by; but I didn't care two straws about her feelings; I was the lacerated party, the unfortunate and deceived one.

"Oh, great Heavens!" I cried, "I've gone and made a pretty mess of it now! Who was to think that a paltry sheet of paper at the end of a will could mean so much? Confound it, if I'd only read it in time!"

I looked vindictively at my wife, whose sobs broke out anew at my words.

"Come, Sharpe," said Osborne, "get up and behave yourself. You've more to hear yet."

"Oh, Luke, Luke!" cried my mourning bride, "to think, after all you have told me that you should have married me for my money!"

This was more than I could bear; I looked at the now wrinkled, wizened old maid, as if I could strangle her with pleasure. This may have been extreme in me, but my situation must plead my excuse.

"Confound it, madam!" I cried, as I struggled to my feet; "you don't suppose a man would marry you for anything else, do you? If you'll look in the glass——"

I was not allowed to finish my sentence. I went bounding across the room like a ball from a cricket-bat. I had never received so violent a kick before.

As there are to be no secrets on my side, dear reader, I may as well admit that I had made acquaintance in that manner with shoe-leather on one or two previous occasions.

I think my wife went into hysterics. When I picked myself up, Osborne took hold of my collar.

"Now," said he, "you infernal scoundrel, what have you to say for yourself?"

At that moment I had nothing to say. In such a position, the most fluent of orators, even the Premier himself, might find himself at a loss. So I said nothing.

But when he let go my coat-collar, and I sat down to review the position, I recovered myself soon enough. Things were not so desperate; I could still retreat, if not with honor, at least with booty. I turned to my wife.

"I wish to make a few remarks, my dear Eleanor."

A stifled sob was her only reply.

"At this stage of affairs," I continued, gaining confidence as I went on, "it will be needless for me to remark that we have entered into a holy bond of matrimony under a misconception, as I may call it. Perhaps that misconception was mutual; perhaps you were under the impression that I am a man of considerable means. Now, above all things, I scorn deceit" (here a sob from my wife), "and hate underhanded ways." ("Confounded liar!" from Osborne; but I considerately let it pass). "Therefore, I may as well tell you frankly I have not a penny in the world."

"Oh! how are we to live?" cried my wife. "I have only three hundred left."

The very thing I wanted to know.

How are we to live?

"Excellently well apart—infernally ill together. My dear Eleanor, I feel that it is my duty to admit that our young friend is right as to the cause of my seeking a union with you. I confess I was actuated by an unworthy but not uncommon motive—that desire of riches which is the root of all evil."

More sobs from my wife.

"You're on the high road to a thrashing!" said Osborne, significantly.

But I knew just how far I could go.

"This being admitted, my dear Eleanor, the discussion of our future is simplified at once. You agree with me that we are best apart?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" sobbed Eleanor.

"Then in that case we can easily arrange matters. You have an income of three hundred a year. Let us divide it."

"And will you then never interfere with me again?"

"Never; you may depend upon me. You must see, my dear Eleanor, that in making this offer I am actuated solely by a desire for your welfare, for unless this income has been secured strictly to yourself, it passes to me upon your marriage."

"I suppose so," said she.

(Not secured, then; just what I wanted to know.)

"Just so. Now I have no wish to be hard upon you in any way. I have no desire to appropriate the whole of your little income; far from it. I will allow you to retain one hundred pounds per annum, a sum on which, I believe, many excellent maiden ladies of advanced age lead a very comfortable existence, and will myself endeavor to manage as best I can on the pittance of two hundred, which is all that will be left."

I think, myself, that this was a very generous offer; but then I am, as I observed before, one of the most open-handed of men.

"Is it a bargain?" I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes!" she cried, without looking near me. "Take the two hundred—anything—all if you will—only never come near me again!"

What a fool I was not to have tried for two hundred and fifty! That was my first thought.

But my troubles were not over. Osborne, who was standing at the door, holding whispered consultations with Fanny, who was still outside, turned at my wife's words.

"Do not distress yourself, madam; the scoundrel" (this to me, his father's old friend!) "shall not give you much trouble."

Then he turned to me.

"You remember where I have been staying while you were carrying on your scoundrelly manœuvres here? You remember it was at Cannes?"

I declined to notice his remark. He went on.

"I met there a lady, an English woman, leading a very retired life, and residing at Cannes with her daughter. This lady's name is Mrs. Balham. Do you recognise it?"

I felt a cold shudder pass all over me. My mother-in-law!

"Her daughter's married name is Sharpe," continued he, while at each word he spoke my hopes vanished, and the only thing I thought of was how to reach the door in safety. "She married some nine years ago. Her husband was a scoundrel, Luke Sharpe by name, who first proved false to her, and then deserted her. Mrs. Balham saw me address a letter to you, and so the whole truth came out. That was the reason of my hurried journey home, and my telegram of yesterday. I wished, if possible, to prevent your committing the crime of which you now are guilty—that of bigamy!"

There was a wild shriek, I did not stop to see whence it came, but made a wild dash at the door. I fled down-stairs, locked myself into my rooms, packed my portmanteaus, and left the house.

It was too late for me to reach London that night. I had to sleep at a hotel. When I presented myself at my lodgings, I found Mrs. Brown in the passage, arms akimbo, barring my entrance, with a copy of the *Times* in her hand.

She had seen the notice of my marriage in the paper. I had sent it by telegram, and had forgotten all about having done so.

I turned and fled. She had sold all the goods I left with her in discharge of my debt.

This happened one short week ago. Since then I have been wandering about town, in daily dread of arrest. I dare not show myself anywhere. I dare not even write to Osborne and ask him to do his best for me.

I have estranged every friend I have. No one will lend a helping hand—no one will say a kind word for poor old Sharpe.

NEVER fret; it will only shorten your days.

Scientific and Useful.

OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth may be kept bright when almost worn out if, after washing it, you take a flannel cloth and dip a corner if it in kerosene, and rub the oil cloth with it. Of course a very little oil goes a great way and care must be taken not to use too much.

STAMMERING.—A writer in an English journal says that any one may be cured of stammering by simply making an audible note in expiration before each word. Stammerers can sing as easily as other persons. An eminent teacher, who made a large fortune by curing stammering, simply made his pupils say "her" before each word beginning with a consonant.

PAPER WOOD.—One of the newest applications of paper is as a substitute for wood, in blocks or bars, wherever a knife is used in a mechanical cutter. It is also applied to blocks for shoe-cutting and cigar-making and for the cutting-blocks of envelope-cutters, one outlasting a dozen of the formerly used wooden blocks. In its manufacture sheets of paper are compressed by enormous force into block or bars.

COMMON STONES.—Select some of the flattest and smoothest stones to be found and rub one side all over with beeswax. Make this surface quite level by scraping with the edge of a knife. When it is dry and firm paint landscapes or picturesque-looking foreign figures on them in oils, and afterwards bring up the colors by varnishing. These painted flints can be used for door stones, letter weights, &c. It is, of course, necessary that the stone should be a good shape and flat.

FARES.—A new contrivance for receiving fares has been introduced in a street railway car in Baltimore. It consists of two brass rods connected with the fare-box at the front of the car, and extending along the sides of the car to the rear. At intervals along these rods are diminutive fare-boxes, into which passengers drop their nickels without leaving their seats. The fare thus deposited drops into a groove in the rod, which is sufficiently inclined to give the coin an impetus that sends it rolling down into the fare-box into the front of the car.

ELECTRIC COUPLING.—A South Carolina genius claims to have invented a perfect system of car coupling by electricity. Upon a recent trial a freight train was cut in four pieces and again coupled up without the aid of any person except the conductor, who did the entire work from the rear car. The invention, if successfully introduced, will save many hundreds of lives annually.

Farm and Garden.

FROGS.—A good authority thinks a profit can be derived from marshy lands by frogs. He claims that they would destroy many insects, while in some markets the frogs are salable at good prices.

INSECTS.—Insects will now multiply very rapidly, and only vigorous work will keep them both. Encourage the birds, use plenty of Paris green kill all moths possible and examine carefully for the pests daily.

FLIES.—To keep flies from the stable, suspend cotton waste, pieces of tow, a sponge, or any other absorbant material, and keep it moist with common carbolic acid, which is very cheap by the gallon, and the odor of which is wholesome.

THE COW.—Should a cow always be milked by the same person? An English writer says no; or, to give his own words: "On no account, if it can possibly be helped ought one man constantly to milk the same cow. If he does it often happens that the cow becomes attached to him, and if anything occurs that he is away there is frequently quite a scene in consequence. If a cow shows partiality for any one he should milk her as little as possible."

INSECTS.—Dark colored, very strong tea is destructive to aphides, thrips and "twitter," but harmless to scales, red spiders and mealy bugs. Tobacco stems, commonly known as "factory trash," may be obtained at a cent a pound at any cigar manufactory. Half fill a pail with stems and fill up over them with boiling water. A pint or quart of this liquid in a can of water will be about right. Tobacco stems spread under the plants, either out-of-doors or in the house, are effectual in keeping off thrips and aphides.

FENCES.—There is nothing more charming about a farm than clean fence rows, and the farmer who cultivates his crop well is very sure to wage war on the unsightly banks of weeds and grass that grow along the margins of the fields. Besides being unsightly, this growth robs the adjacent crop growth of necessary nutriment, and more than enough fruitage is lost in consequence of it than would pay for the work of destruction and clearing. Besides, the removal of growth along the fence rows prolongs the existence of the fence. The work saves labor and makes profit.

PLANTS.—Always keep your plants free of insects. Green-fly is the most troublesome. Hand-picking or syringing will do this. One effectual plan is to put the affected plants in a close box, smoke into it till full, keeping the box close for half an hour. Syringe or water overhead afterwards. Keep the outside of your pots as clean as possible; never paint them, which closes up the pores of the pots, through which the roots breathe. Common earthenware pots are always best. Glazed pots, however ornamental, kill the poor plants, in the long run, by suffocation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

The natural propensity of the opposite sexes to mate, either wisely or unwisely, has caused much disturbance and anxiety from time immemorial. Although no thrilling romances are preserved, relating full details of "wooing and winning" in primeval days, yet there must have been great ardor exercised in courtship before the freshness of the race became tempered and softened by the requirements of civilization. The era of elopements seems not to have commenced until after the human family was "confounded" at the Tower of Babel, and divided into different sections, which awakened the latent desire for things ordinarily beyond reach, in the ever restless minds of youthful swains. Had the Lord God made Adam's fate depend on abstaining from admiration for, or wooing of, Eve, after she was brought before him, and he had pronounced her "good," the consequences might have been even more disastrous than they subsequently proved to be in partaking of the forbidden fruit. Regiments of angels with "flaming swords of fire" would probably have been required to guard transgressor Adam, so as to restrain him from seeking the society of the attractive Eve. Such a course was not pursued, however, and we may, therefore, equitably infer that the conduct of Adam in bestowing upon Eve his heart, hand and fortune, was eminently wise and proper in the eyes of Infinite wisdom. But the general propriety of matrimonial alliances does not justify the increasing frequency of "elopements," or thoughtless union of young people who recklessly do things in haste, that, in the majority of instances, they have abundant opportunity to repent of at leisure. Inventive ingenuity to circumvent the restraints of interested friends, in order to possess the object of one's supposed affection, may temporarily create the rainbow hues of romance, but these soon turn to the blackness of despair, by an unwise choice or an improper union. Defiance of bolts, bars and locks, under the impulse of youthful love, may seem to display courage and devotion; but people, like the elements, all drift towards a natural level, where similar tastes and congenial qualities mingle and mate in circles of their own. Romantic maidens, whose unsophisticated knowledge of human nature causes them to secretly listen to the persuasive talk of lovers whom the mature judgment of their parents and best friends deems unsuitable for life companionship, trifle with results that are quite as serious as the "forbidden fruit" that wrought such direful consequences in the case of our first parents. Oil and water cannot mix. The crystal water of the pure mountain spring flowing into the muddy pool, becomes itself impure. The refined tastes and cultivated intellect of a well-bred young lady cannot harmonize with the coarse nature and perhaps base instincts of her father's "coachman," no matter how superb his physique in shining livery. The lover who can transplant his sweetheart into surroundings essentially different from those to which she is accustomed rightfully, subjects himself to serious criticism. Although locks and bars may not be the most effectual cure for misdirected love, would it not be supremely sensible for those whose conduct requires them, to ponder well before reaching such a climax?

Good Patriotic Charities.

The noise and attention which the Bartholdi Pedestal is creating, especially in the Atlantic coast Middle States, is, for the time, the popular patriotic charity, and seems about culminating in success. After much lethargy and indifference, the popular sentiment has been aroused by a combination of influences, and the generous gift of one appreciative artistic French friend will soon stand upon an appropriate foundation, to enlighten the world concerning the wonderful benefits which Liberty has conferred upon our great nation. This will add another way mark to the accumulating monuments that are rapidly multiplying with every decade, and enlarge the historic web of visible tokens which remind new generations of the glorious heritages they possess. The location of the Bartholdi statue at the metropolitan centre of commerce is most appropriate, and it must be a very petty jealousy, indeed, that could seriously criticise this point. There is nothing, however, beyond the pretty, artistic sentiment and reciprocal appreciation of a generous donor, to awaken deep feeling on the subject, or justify the semi-sneers against non-contributors, which those who have actively pushed the collection so freely indulge in. It is a good thing to have popular attention often directed towards, and materially interested in, patriotic movements and reminders of the benefits we enjoy. Indeed, we thoroughly believe that occasions which call out the keen intellectual powers of such gentlemen as Mr. Evarts and Mayor Grace, of New York, and are supported by a superabundant overflow of universal good-will, as was the case at the recent reception of Bartholdi's Statue, in New York harbor, are greatly beneficial in any case. With all our patriotic love, however, we cannot think that a sensational, impure and disreputable paper will succeed in hoodwinking the respectable public as to its true character, nor in indirectly gaining permanent patronage, which is undoubtedly its real motive. If it has any sincere love for Liberty, or its representative Statue, let it commence by making its columns clean and respectable, and thus help to lay the actual foundations of liberty in the lives and hearts of the people. Passing the hat for a worthy charity can never make a gentleman of a rowdy, nor an honest man of a thief, although the funds thus raised and applied may do much good. The proprietor of a coarsely funny paper, who apparently hoped to climb still higher on the ladder of a doubtful fame, by "lecturing" for the benefit of this object, seems to have subsided on the first one or two attempts, while another character achieved still less success in his endeavor to attach his name and occupation to the patriotic charity kite. There is much consolation in the fact that every rivulet does something to swell the stream of aggregate donations which will finally accomplish the great object of placing the Statue on a permanent foundation, no matter whether their waters begin in clear or muddy sources.

THEN truly honorable man takes pains to remain ignorant of things that concern him not. He turns aside from the confidential gossip, glances away from the open desk, shuns the place where a whisper is audible, with just as much care as he would use to avoid profiting by a mistake in his change. His curiosity does not crave the knowledge of such matters. It has the whole wide world for its area, and seeks its satisfaction in more wholesome directions. After all, the information to which we have no right is the smallest, and poorest, and least valuable to us of any that we can obtain. Let us cultivate a worthy curiosity on subjects that shall enlarge our minds, deepen our feelings, and strengthen our purposes, and we shall shrink from that ignoble inquisitiveness that revels in dishonest gains.

IT is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the profession should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.

THERE is a meanness which will grovel low in the dust for gain; and there is also a pride that will not bend gracefully to receive a favor. There are people who dread to be under an obligation, and cannot rest until they think they have repaid it. Yet is it not one kind of selfishness that withholds from a friend the pleasure of giving? True generosity is freer and broader than this; it accepts with gratitude what is offered in kindness, while it stands ever ready to bestow what is possible upon those who may need it. It is a great mistake to think that kindness consists only in giving. Quite as often, and as pleasingly, is it shown by receiving in a glad and grateful manner the kindnesses offered by others.

JUST as any weak organ of the body may be improved by exercise and culture, so may the memory. One method of cultivating the memory is to see to it that the impressions received are properly and truly registered and repeated until they become familiar and, so to speak, a part of the brain-structure. Another is to be careful and not register impressions which are valueless, and thus lumber up the mind with useless trash, but to judiciously forget what is not essential. Forgetfulness is essential to remembering. We do not store up the unsound fruit, but cast it away as soon as we can; and so we should cast away the useless ideas that come and go in our active life.

ALL real progress is slow. Sudden jerks give a backward impetus, and but little eventual gain. The lessons learned in youth, and seemingly forgotten, bear fruit in maturity. The struggles to do right that seem so hard and so often ineffective, are steadily leading to the state where right-doing is a pleasure. The efforts we make for any worthy object may not seem successful to-day or to-morrow, but they are a part of the grand work that is going on slowly but surely, and no one of them can we afford to lose.

IN our intercourse with others, we should endeavor to turn the conversation towards those subjects with which our companions are professionally acquainted; thus we shall agreeably please, as well as innocently flatter, in affording them the opportunity to shine.

The World's Happenings.

A New York man has invented a cast-iron buttonhole.

For nearly 70 years a resident of Wellesley, Mass., has sung in a choir in that town.

Cincinnati thieves steal cartloads of turf from the most conspicuous parts of the cemeteries.

A wealthy Washington lawyer recently put up a magnificent new house with the stable in the cellar.

There is no legal tender in China, and silver is the money metal of that country, passing by weight.

A woman in New Brunswick, N. J., the mother of two sets of twins, last week gave birth to triplets.

A farmer was robbed on the way to his home in Schoboth, R. I., recently, even his false teeth being taken.

A couple aged seventy-five and seventy-two years respectively, were married near Clarksdale, La., recently.

A nervous young woman has developed into an insane patient while under the "faith cure" treatment in Chicago.

A divorce is wanted by a 325-pound Waterbury, Conn., man, on the ground that his wife beats him with stove-lids and lifters.

The furnishing of coffins to its members at greatly reduced prices is said to be the object of a society recently formed in Memphis.

A brass band has been organized by the colored boys of Jonesville, Ga., and named the "Cleveland Band," in honor of the President.

The President is reported to have sent a silk necktie to a Virginia young lady who wanted something worn by him to put in a crazy quilt.

A ring was stolen from a jewelry store in Sanford, Fla., recently, and, after some search, was found to have been taken by a pet squirrel.

A patriotic Frenchman, who recently died, directed in his will that the sum of $5,000 should be given to the "wounded in the next war with Germany."

There are in England 347 female smiths who actually swing heavy hammers, and 9,128 women employed in nail-making, who make nails for horse-shoes.

Experienced lumbermen have always held that timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations, it is stated, sustain this belief.

Mrs. R. W. Davie, of Lexington, Ga., mourns the loss of a dog that for many years has devoted himself to the task of hatching out and caring for successive broods of chickens.

On a recent Sabbath a clergyman at Bath, Me., celebrated his 45th anniversary as pastor of a local church. Not one of the congregation who listened to his first sermon was present.

It is all the fashion in New York to dine and sup in the gardens on the roofs of hotels and restaurants, and folks up-town, where it is possible, take their meals in their gardens or on their piazzas.

A wagon-load of hay has been carried up to the cornice of a Congregational Church, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by English sparrows, which have been engaged in the task for the last nine or ten years.

One Upton was lately arrested in Tennessee for highway robbery. He was taken to Knoxville the next day, tried, convicted, and 24 hours after his crime he was in prison, with a 12 years' sentence to serve.

A St. Louis clergyman finds that on a recent Sunday in that city 10,000 people went to church, while 40,000 went to Buffalo Bill's show, 20,000 to base ball games, 20,000 to beer gardens, and 5,000 to hear Bob Ingersoll.

Five generations of one family, from a patriarch one hundred years old down to the great-great-grand-daughter, aged three years, were recently represented in a photograph taken by an Indianapolis photographer.

The bruised pulp of encalyptus leaves, which he had been in the habit of applying to his very bald head for the cure of headache, has brought out a new and abundant crop of hair on the head of a California physician.

The bride's two great-grand-daughters and the groom's grandson acted as bridesmaids and groomsman at a wedding in Surrey, not long ago, groom and bride being eighty-seven and eighty-four years old respectively.

An author whose book has just been published in England states that the subject of kissing is mentioned no fewer than fifty times in the Bible, and sets himself to prove that kissing, to be scriptural, must be between members of the same sex.

Shelbyville, Ill., imposes a license of $1,000 on saloons. As a result, the year has been unusually free from crime, and the people have been convinced of the efficacy of high license in repressing and almost extinguishing the evils of the liquor traffic.

Recently a government transport, with a full crew, many wounded soldiers and valuable horses, was kept waiting in Suez harbor three full days for a mule which somebody or other had presented to Queen Victoria, and without which the ship had orders not to sail.

Little eight-year old Kitty Stephens, of Poughkeepsie, New York, was buried, the other day, in accordance with the provisions of her "will," in white, with her doll, dressed in white, in her arms, the casket, flowers, hearse and horses being white, and five little girls in white acting as pall-bearers.

When Queen Victoria's guests are bidden to sleep at Windsor Castle, they do not see much of Her Majesty, who seldom makes her appearance before dinner. After that meal a few words of conversation may be had with the sovereign, but she presently retires to her private apartments, and is no more seen. She is a great stickler for etiquette, and insists upon ladies wearing much lower dresses than would otherwise be customary among the fair sex who are not the possessors of plump shoulders.

PANSIES.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

Velvety royal-robed pansies,
Glimmering fold on fold
Of lilac and pearl and crimson,
Azure and purple and gold,

How can I tell your beauties?
How shall my soul indite
The thoughts that awake within me
Of passionless pure delight?

Lilies and beautiful roses,
Columbines stately and tall,
Fuchsias with gorgeous blossoms,
Geraniums brighter than all,

Hollyhocks proud of their splendor,
Sunflowers crested with gold,
Lovely sweet-peas that are reaching
For something to cling to and hold,

Fragrant and faithful verbena,
Forget-me-not tender and small,
Gentian, the flower of the mountain—
Sweet are the dreams ye recall!

But the purple and golden-eyed pansies
I love with a love so deep,
I would have them to blossom above me
When I lie in the grave asleep!

Lady Betty.

BY HENRY FRITH.

SO you are going to take possession of your inheritance at last, Mrs. Cayley said to her brother, when he joined her in her pretty drawing-room after dinner. "Paul agrees with me in thinking you a most eccentric fellow. Here have you been for nearly twelve months the owner of one of the finest properties in Notts, and you have not even seen it!"

Lee Willason dropped leisurely into a chair near his sister's sofa, and caressed his brown moustache with a thoughtful air.

"I thought you, Agnes, would have understood why I have been in no hurry to go to the Abbey."

"But indeed I do not understand it at all," she responded, eagerly. "Why should you feel any reluctance in accepting your godfather's bequest? He was quite alone in the world. The portraits and relics at the Abbey are not those of his ancestors. He made his money abroad. He wanted to invest part of it in an estate and this one being in the market he bought it; and not having a relative in the wide world, he left it to you. There you have the whole of the place. I cannot see the smallest reason why you should cherish any scruples as to taking up your abode in the house bequeathed to you, and living the life of a country gentleman, and—asking me to come and see you," Mrs. Cayley added, with a merry laugh, "and bring all my *impedimenta* with me. Seriously, Lee, if you would settle at the Abbey, as you ought to do, and take us all in for a month or six weeks, it would save Paul the expense of an annual trip to the sea, and make your house more homelike. I have the less compunction in proposing this because you are fond of my children, and they dearly love you."

"I shall be very glad to welcome you and all the babies to a house of my own," Lee replied, cheerfully, "but I must first see what sort of repair the place is in. You could not have made a proposal that would better please me. When I remember that for nearly twenty years my godfather dwelt there, secluding himself from his kind, refusing the visits of his neighbors, and winning for himself the character of a hermit and a miser—and when I remember also that it was because he would fain conceal from every eye the agonies he endured from an incurable disease—I feel an almost unconquerable reluctance to go and be happy where he was so miserable."

Mrs. Cayley shuddered.

"If you talk like that I shall never have courage to enter the Abbey. I should fancy I heard poor Mr. Leydon's groans every time the wind moaned through the trees or amongst the chimney-stacks; and yet it is a shame that so fine a house should be left to the care of servants!"

"It will not be any longer. I start for the Abbey to-morrow. I went to my banker's yesterday, and superintended the packing and sending off of the very fine plate Mr. Leydon had purchased but never used; and you shall have the gratification of arranging my first dinner-party at Bircham Abbey as soon as you can join me there."

"That will be delightful!" cried the lively matron. "I'll prove myself an invaluable ally; introduce you to all your neighbors; put your house in visiting trim; provide you with decent servants, and a pretty wife to manage them."

"Thanks," answered Mr. Willason, rather drily. "I shall gratefully accept your good offices, except as regards the latter item. I do not want a wife! You may look as incredulous as you please. I do not forget that the only girl I ever cared to wed refused me because I was poor. I will not be accepted now because I am rich."

"At eight-and-twenty there's plenty of time for changing your mind," said Mrs. Cayley, with a sagacious nod. "Be sure you write soon and send me your first impression of the Abbey; and I'll begin my preparations for the journey immediately."

These first impressions did not seem destined to be favorable ones, for Lee Willason was not in the best of humors when he reached his destination.

The day, although it was early in August, was cold and gloomy; a few minutes spent in chatting with an acquaintance rendered him too late for a fast train, and he had been obliged to travel in a slow one; while the discovery that in his haste he had started without his purse, and had only a few bronzes left in his pocket after paying his fare, was anything but a pleasant one, seeing that it obliged him to eschew luncheon, and to walk the five or six long country miles that lay between the station and the Abbey, instead of being driven there in a fly from the nearest hotel.

"I suppose I shall be able to get some dinner here?" he said to himself, as he walked up the avenue leading to the house, the sketch-book he had promised to fill for Mrs. Cayley's eldest girl tucked under his arm. "Mr. Leydon's solicitor said the elderly female who had acted as housekeeper for some years was a very respectable, sensible woman, and anxious to remain. If she gives me a gracious reception, and cooks something quickly, I shall look upon her as a treasure, for I am positively starving!"

His hunger was, however, forgotten, when a break in the trees enabled him to get an excellent view of the Abbey. It was a most imposing-looking edifice of great antiquity; the modern additions and repairs having been so cleverly effected, that they blended well with the ancient pile of which they formed a part.

"It is a house to be proud of!" exclaimed Lee, enthusiastically. "If the interior is equally beautiful, I shall consider myself a very fortunate man; Many will say that I ought to put in modern sashes, and complain that so much ivy makes it gloomy; but I will not have it touched. A little judicious lopping around the casements, perhaps, but nothing more. And what a glorious view this terrace commands! After all, a secluded life in so fair a spot must have had its happy moments as well as its melancholy ones!"

The ground had been rising gradually ever since Mr. Willason entered the gate, for Bircham Abbey stood on the side of a hill; and from the terrace on which he had paused there was still a flight of wide stone steps to surmount, in order to reach the huge oaken portal set beneath an arched doorway.

A few seconds spent in examining and admiring this really noble entrance, and then Lee Willason raised his hand to the lion's head that answered as a knocker. But ere he could touch it the door swung open, and a soft low voice bade him enter.

Had he been expected after all? He had chosen to come to the Abbey with no further announcement of his intention than was conveyed in sending the plate-chest and a case or two of pictures he had bought during his sojourn in Rome, where he had been studying under an eminent painter at the time Mr. Leydon's will made him a wealthy man.

He stepped into a magnificent hall, adorned in the usual style with old armor, high-backed chairs, and long tables made two or three centuries ago, and windows filled with stained glass, through which the cold light of the leaden day scarcely seemed able to penetrate.

All this he took in at a single glance; there was not time for more, for as he advanced he beheld, standing in front of an empty picture-frame, a young lady, dressed in the style of a beauty of the time of George the Second, who appeared to have just stepped out of it.

Yes, the portrait that frame had once held must have become animated, either to forbid his intrusion or welcome him to his new home; for this was no æsthetic maiden of the nineteenth century at whom he was so wildly staring.

She was garbed in white, from her powdered hair and point-lace cap, lying upon it to the buckled slippers peeping from beneath the ivory satin of her skirts, and the fan of ostrich feathers she held in one of her gloved hands.

The costume was lovely in its quaintness; the face of the wearer would have been equally so but for the unnatural pallor of the lips and cheeks. It was youth and beauty, but without the animation, the expression, that gives to both their highest charms.

But for the flashing of the eyes, in which—unless Lee Willason was mistaken—he saw a look of dread, he would have come at once to the conclusion that what he beheld was not a living woman at all; and conquering the surprise, not wholly unmixed with hesitation, that had taken possession of him, he walked quickly towards the silent lady.

But as he advanced, she drew back, not a sound audible as she retreated, her dark eyes gazing fixedly into his as she raised her hand, and by an imperious gesture constrained him to pause.

And now she spoke once more.

"No farther, sir; you must not come beyond this stone your foot is touching. It is stained with the blood of the cavalier who died there fighting in defence of his hearth and home!"

Involuntarily Lee retreated a little; her low, mournful tones, her unearthly appearance, and the half-light that cast such a shadowy glamor about her, were moving as well as perplexing him.

"Surely I am not mistaken!" he exclaimed. "This is Bircham Abbey! May I know whom I am addressing?"

"Why should you seek to know my name?" she murmured. "A little while, and I shall vanish from your sight. This is no place for me now. On the tombs in the churchyard you can read all you will ever know of those who once lived and died beneath this roof!"

"This is a strange welcome!" cried Lee, manfully endeavoring to shake off the chill that was creeping over him. "Is the house untenanted save by ghostly damsels like yourself?"

"Such a house as this is never untenanted," was the solemn reply. "The spirits of the past are always wandering through its silent chambers, restlessly returning to the scenes they loved in life."

"Then I must find some way of exorcising them," Lee retorted, his common-sense coming to his aid. "This house is mine, and I shall most decidedly object——"

But she was pointing with her fan to something behind him, and he glanced sharply over his shoulder. A tall, dignified, elderly woman was toiling up the steps the housekeeper evidently; and when he turned from her to the fair phantom—behold, she had vanished.

He sprang across the intervening space, and parting the heavy crimson curtains that veiled the door through which she must have passed, found himself in an inner hall, from which passages branched in various directions.

As he knew not which to follow, and was considerably mystified, he retraced his steps, and introduced himself to Mrs. Turner, who, after her first start of astonishment at finding her new master in possession, curtsied a greeting, and regretted that he had found her absent.

She had been across the park to the farm, she said, to send a couple of the laborers to the station. The clerk there had given her notice that there was a chest and some cases waiting to be fetched; and little did she think that Mr. Willason himself would arrive, and nothing ready for him! Had he dined? Would he mind stepping into her room till fires could be lighted and the furniture uncovered?

"You are not living here alone?" queried Lee, breaking in abruptly.

"Oh, no, sir. I thought it best to keep on one of the housemaids; and the gardener comes in every night to look to the shutters for us."

"One of the housemaids," repeated Lee, asking himself if this could possibly be the white maiden he had encountered.

"Yes; she's getting on in years, and she's such a good servant that I didn't like to part with her."

"Oh, keep her by all means," was the hasty response; "but is there no one else in the house?"

"No one, sir. I'm not at all timid, and didn't think it necessary. Will you walk this way, sir?"

But before following Mrs. Turner to her cosy sitting-room, Lee sauntered up to the empty picture-frame, asking carelessly:

"Where is the portrait that should be here?"

"It was Lady Betty's portrait, sir, and—and not at all a pleasant one to look at." Mrs. Turner had lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "After Mr. Leydon heard that she was said to walk the Abbey he took quite a dislike to the picture—he said eyes followed him wherever he went—and so it was taken out of the frame and carried upstairs."

"I should like to see Lady Betty," said Lee.

Mrs. Turner looked at him doubtfully, as if not certain that she heard aright.

"See Lady Betty, sir? Hem! Of course she shall be put back in her frame if you wish it; but——"

And here she made so long a pause that at last Mr. Willason put an end to it by repeating in more decided tones what he just said.

"Certainly, sir. The portrait is in the upper gallery. I'll ask the gardener to carry it down to-morrow."

"Which is the way to the upper gallery? No, don't trouble yourself just now, Mrs. Turner, about anything but some dinner for me. Where's the housemaid of whom you spoke? She can show me the way."

Jane, a hard-featured, elderly woman, was summoned, and under her guidance Lee Willason climbed flights of stairs and traversed corridors in bewildering succession, peeping as he went into suites of apartments that looked stiff and forlorn, with their faded carpets and hangings and old-fashioned *meubles*.

At last the domicile of the picture was reached, and lifting it himself from the dark corner in which it stood, he carried it to a window.

And now with a thrill of mingled sensations he beheld once more the white lady who had been the first to meet him in the hall of the Abbey. She was painted in the same dress of satin and lace; the same powdered hair and fan of snowy feathers.

Again he saw the little slippered feet peeping forth in their white shoes, and admired the graceful pose of the slender girlish figure, but the face at which, he was now gazing was not colorless as the dead; it was rosy and sparkling with animation, the parted lips seeming to smile upon him in arch mockery of his astonishment.

If this was the Lady Betty of a century since, who and of what nature was the pale person he had encountered half an hour ago?

If, as Lee Willason was sometimes inclined to fancy, he was being tricked by designing persons, anxious perhaps to drive him away, he was forced to acquit Mrs. Turner of any part in the scheme. She answered his questions too promptly to be suspected of being leagued against him, on all points she met his inquiries frankly and readily; on all points, be it said, but one; he always detected a curious hesitation in her speech when he alluded to the picture; though on being asked whether she shared in the belief that her ghostly ladyship might still be seen wandering about the Abbey, she indignantly protested that she wasn't so superstitious as to credit any such tales.

"I have lived here for a good many years, sir," she added, "and never seen a creature worse than myself, except rats; and I hope you won't let such nonsense as the ignorant country-people talk set you against the handsomest house in the whole country."

Yet she shook her head with much gravity when he assured her, laughingly, he rather liked ghostly visitors, especially when they came in so fair a shape as Lady Betty's; and when he proceeded to tell her that he had already had an interview with her ladyship, Mrs. Turner refused to hear him, saying that, with all due respect to him as her employer, she could not help thinking such jests were best left alone.

To preclude any repetition of them she withdrew to superintend the arranging of the best bedroom, and to assure herself that the laborers who carried the plate-chest to the strong-room slipped off their hob-nailed boots before ascending the well-polished oaken stairs.

Left to himself and the fine old wines Mrs. Turner had set before him, Lee pushed away his untasted glass and fell into a reverie. What was he to think of his adventure? If he narrated it to Agnes, his shrewd, matter-of-fact sister, what conclusion would she draw from it?

Most certainly she would tell him that he had reached the Abbey in a state of fatigue and excitement, which would undoubtedly act on his imagination and account for his supposed *rencontre* with the spirit of the fair lady who had once dwelt within its time-honored walls, and in this opinion Agnes' equally matter-of-fact spouse, Mr. Paul Cayley, would coincide; and if he persisted in his tale, most probably the husband and wife would proceed to consult, on his behalf, their friend, the family doctor, and insist on his swallowing the tonics that good man would prescribe.

"And they would all three be in error," decided Lee. "Hungry I certainly was, but my pulses never beat more equally; my brain was never more clear and capable of distinguishing facts from fancies than when I first stepped over the threshold of this house. That I saw and conversed with the counterpart of Lady Betty I am positive; but whether she was a creature of this world or another, how am I to tell? Anyhow, she has given me food for my thoughts and occupation for every hour of the day till Agnes joins me. I shall certainly know no peace till I have seen this white maiden again, and satisfied myself whether she is shadow or substance. Her voice rang in my ears as sweetly and mournfully as an Æolian harp."

Lee went to bed to dream that he was dancing a minuet in the great hall with Lady Betty—but that every time she presented her hand to him in the dance he grasped nought but an empty glove. Exasperated at last by the mocking light in her eyes, he clutched her wrist so quickly and tightly that she screamed, and grasping his arm in her turn, shook him till—he awoke to find that this at least was no dream.

Mrs. Turner, her teeth chattering with fright, was leaning over him, entreating him, in harsh whispers, to awake.

"It's thieves, Mr. Willason—burglars! and they're trying to get into the house through one of the library windows. It's the plate they're after. If they find their way to the strong-room they'll carry it off, and we shan't be able to prevent it!"

Lee Willason comprehended in a moment the state of affairs. The sight of iron-bound chest at the station had excited the cupidity of some of the unprincipled fellows to be found in the country as well as in town; and believing the Abbey to be left as usual solely to Mrs. Turner and Jane, they had not hesitated to break in.

"Have you no firearms?" he asked.

"None but what are rusty with disuse!"

"Then try and find me a stout cudgel, and don't run into danger yourself."

"I've sent Jane to the turret to ring the alarm-bell," Mrs. Turner told her master, when she returned with an Australian club, or waddy, that hung in the corridor. "But, oh, dear! the men at the farm sleep so soundly, that we shall all be murdered as well as robbed before they get here!"

"Show me the way to the strong room, and then go lock yourself in some safe place if you are afraid," said Lee, who knew that she would be of no assistance to him in the coming contest. His own pulses throbbed faster than usual, for he was very well aware that if there were more than two of the fellows, and he did not obtain help speedily, he should soon be overmatched.

For a few moments prudence whispered whether it would not be wiser to keep out of sight, and let the intruders carry off what they coveted; but to be robbed without an effort to prevent it was more than Lee Willason's quick temper would suffer him to submit to.

If he could reach the strong-room before the burglars, and lock himself within it, their efforts to obtain an entrance might be defeated with the aid of the formidable weapon Mrs. Turner had thrust into his hand; but to his dismay he found the door already ajar, and a light burning within.

The burglars had reached the spot more quickly than he could have imagined it possible. While he concluded them to be wrestling with the complicated lock of the library door they were actually here engaged in the work of plunder.

Tightening his grasp of the club, he warily stole forward to look in. With all his caution he had not done this so quietly as to be unheard. A start—a suppressed exclamation—warned him that his approach was discovered, and he pushed back the door, behind which an assailant might be waiting to pounce upon him.

To his inexpressible amazement the

occupant of the room was—Lady Betty! He recognized the pale, beautiful face immediately. She was standing by the plate-chest, her hand upon the open lid, which she let fall with a crash as soon as she caught sight of Lee; but ere she had time to do so he saw that the chest was empty; the whole of its contents had been removed!

Nothing is more exasperating to a man, especially a young one, than the conviction that he has been duped; and Lee, jumping to the conclusion that this girl was an accomplice of the burglars, was highly indignant.

"So, mistress, you thought to frighten me with your ghostly mummery into keeping out of the way while your friends walked off with all they could lay their hands upon! But you shall not escape me if they do. I will have one prisoner if no more!"

But before he could carry out his intention, and turn the key upon her by which she had herself obtained access to the strong-room, a loud crash in the hall below, and a series of shrill screams from Mrs. Turner, made him pause.

The burglars had kicked out the panels of the library-door—they had the whole of the house at command; and Jane, who with a vigorous peal of the bell in the turret should have summoned the much-needed assistance, had swooned with fright at the foot of the turret-stairs.

Lady Betty darted past her would-be captor, and disappeared, but whither she went Lee had no time to discover.

The burglars, three in number, halted at the foot of the stairs when they saw the athletic figure standing on the landing above ready to receive them. They were not prepared for resistance, and after a whispered conference they retreated, contenting themselves, perhaps, with the booty their female accomplice had abstracted for for them.

But in this Mr. Willason was wrong. Their leader was better acquainted with the ins and outs of the Abbey than he; and just as he was reassuring Mrs. Turner, and encouraging her to emerge from her hiding-ing-place, he was pounced upon by two of the men, who had stolen up a back stairway.

He defended himself bravely, and for a considerable time; but a blow on the head placed him *hors de combat* at last, and a considerable interval must have elapsed when he regained consciousness, and opened his eyes to gaze wonderingly into the half-dozen or so of anxious faces bending over him.

One was that of an elderly clergyman unknown to him; but another was Mrs. Turner's and tears of joy filled her eyes when she saw that she was recognized.

"Oh, sir!—oh, Mr. Willason! I'm so thankful to see you look like yourself once more! I hope you're not seriously hurt!"

"I hope so too," he replied. "My head feels as if it were swelled out of shape, and it aches confoundedly; but Richard's almost himself again. And now tell me where are the burglars?"

"Your own laborers have them in safe keeping till they can be handed over to the police," the clergyman told him. "You must allow me to say, with Mrs. Turner, that I am very thankful to see you recovering. Your insensibility has lasted so long as to make us feel quite uneasy."

As Lee became able to converse, this gentleman introduced himself as the Rev. Duncan Merriott, formerly curate at an adjacent village, and the only friend whose visits and ministrations were accepted by the late Mr. Leydon, of whom he spoke in terms of sincere affection as well as pity.

"You have proved yourself my friend as well as my poor godfather's," responded Lee, heartily; "for you have made your appearance here most opportunely."

"It has been a providential affair altogether," said Mr. Merriott, devoutly. "I came to this neighborhood yesterday to spend a few days in revisiting the people and places that are still dear to me; and as I was walking to-night from the house of the old acquaintance with whom I had dined to my lodging, I met the clerk from the railway-station on his way to confer with the police. He had heard, quite incidentally, that some very rough-looking fellows had been watching the removal of a heavy chest, evidently containing valuables, from the rail to the Abbey; and having reasons of my own for dreading any such men coming here, I persuaded the clerk to walk here with me, and we arrived in time to assist in capturing the ruffians."

"But the plate—is that recovered?"

"Papa," murmured a soft voice, that made Lee forget his bruises and spring out of the armchair in which he had been reclining, "will you tell Mr. Willason that his plate is quite safe—that he will find it all hidden away behind the secret panel in the strong-room?"

"Come forward, my dear, and tell Mr. Willason yourself all you know about this affair. Allow me, Mr. Willason, to have the pleasure of introducing to you——"

"Lady Betty," murmured the young man, as the fair phantom of the previous day swept him an elaborate curtsey, and peeped at him furtively from beneath the long lashes of her downcast eyes.

Mr. Merriott looked puzzled.

"I beg your pardon; this is my only daughter Lucy. She owes you an apology for being here; but your coming home was so unlooked for, that when she begged me to let her spend the evening and night at the Abbey with Mrs. Turner, I consented. Lucy was an especial favorite of Mr. Leydon's; indeed, she was the only young lady he consented to receive; and it was she who heard the burglars, and aroused Mrs. Turner, perhaps it was fortunate——"

But here Miss Merriott, whose color was coming and going under the fixed gaze of Lee's questioning eyes, timidly interposed:

"Papa, I owe Mr. Willason more apologies than you dream of. I—I have behaved very badly to him!"

"Lucy, my child!"

"It is too true, papa," she faltered. "When I left you in the village yesterday, and came here, Mrs. Turner was out; and while awaiting her return I thought I would amuse as well as surprise her, by dressing myself in some of the ancient finery of that Lady Betty whose portrait was so distasteful to Mr. Leydon—that, as I dare say you remember, I was at the time of his rather sudden decease painting out the face he disliked and substituting my own."

Mr. Merriott nodded, and she went on:

"When I thought I heard Mrs. Turner's step at the door, I threw it open, expecting to hear her express her delight and amusement at finding that I had come to pay my long-expected visit at last; but it was Mr. Willason who entered; and judging from his sketch-book he held that he was a wandering artist in search of the picturesque, I took advantage of the unearthly aspect a plentiful sprinkling of powder had given to my features, and thought it no harm to keep up my assumed character, and mystify him a little."

"Say a great deal, Miss Merriott," cried Lee, good humoredly. "Until I found you in the strong-room, and gave way to suspicions of which I am thoroughly ashamed, I could not be certain whether the vision I had seen was human or spiritual. Then I have been entertaining a fair guest without knowing it."

"My visit has been to Mrs. Turner," said Lucy Merriott, with dignity. "During Mr. Leydon's life she was always permitted to receive her own friends in her own apartments."

"She shall do so still as often as she pleases," Lee replied, "but as Lady Betty was the first to bid me welcome to the Abbey, I shall put in a claim to be regarded as one of Mrs. Turner's guests too. Suppose we adjourn to her sitting-room at once?"

Before Lucy Merriott and her father went back to Mr. Merriott's rectory in an adjoining county, all embarrassment on the young lady's part—all fear of Lee having offended her past forgiveness—had vanished.

The discovery that Lucy, when she fled from the strong-room, had at all risks crossed the park to fetch the laborers from the farm to his aid, gave her quite a hold on his gratitude, as her beauty and lively disposition obtained over his heart.

It was by pretty Lucy that he was taught to see a thousand beauties in his new home he might never have discovered except in her society; and it was the wise counsels of Mr. Merriott that enabled him to plan such a future as would be good for himself and those who dwelt on his estate.

When Mrs. Cayley, after some unavoidable delay did arrive at the Abbey, she found her brother already so well acquainted with his neighbors, that he was planning a return for the invitations showered upon him, in the shape of a house-warming on an extensive scale.

The festivities were to include a fancy ball, at which, as Lee mysteriously confided to his sister, he hoped to introduce her to his intended bride.

Mrs. Cayley was honestly glad to hear it; for she had long wished to see her brother happily married. And when he brought to her a blushing girl, clad at his request, as she had been when he first saw her in costume of our great-grandmothers—the warm-hearted matron pressed a sisterly kiss upon Lucy's rosy cheek, and merrily greeted her by the name of LADY BETTY.

In a Grey Coat.

BY M. LINWOOD SMITH.

JOHN RANTER, ex-landlord of the "Battle of Dettingen" public house in Southampton, was not a man whom one would desire as a friend, and still less would one relish him as a foe. Tall and strong in his person, dark and saturnine in his disposition, the two-and-fifty years which had passed over John's head had done little to soften his character or to mollify his passions. Perhaps the ill-fortune which had attended him through life had something to do with his asperity, yet this same ill-fortune had been usually caused by his own violent and headstrong temper. He had quarreled with his parents when a lad, and left them. After working his way up in the world, to some extent, he had fallen in love with a pretty face, and mated himself to a timid, characterless woman, who was a drag rather than a help to him. The fruit of this union had been a single son; but John Ranter beat the lad savagely for some trivial offence, and he had fled to sea as a cabin boy, and was reported to have been drowned in the great wreck of the Queen of the West. From that time the publican went rapidly down hill. He offended his customers by his morose and sullen temper, and they ceased to frequent the "Battle of Dettingen," until, at last, he was compelled to dispose of the business. With the scanty proceeds he purchased a small house upon the Portsmouth and Southampton road, about three miles from the latter town, and settled down with his wife to a gloomy and misanthropic existence.

Strange tales were told of that lonely cottage, with its bare brick walls and great overhanging thatch, from under which the diamond-paned windows seemed to scowl at the passers-by. Wagoners at roadside inns talked of the dark-faced, grizzly-haired man, who lounged all day in the little garden which adjoined the road, and of the pale, patient face which peered out at them sometimes through the half-open door. There were darker things, too, of which they had to speak, of angry voices, of the dull thud of blows, and the cries of a woman in distress. However tired the horses might be, they were whipped up into a trot, when, after nightfall, they came near the wooden gate which led up to that ill-omened dwelling.

It was one lovely autumn evening that John Ranter leaned his elbows upon that identical gate, and puffed meditatively at his black clay pipe. He was pondering within himself as to what his future should be. Should he continue to exist in the way in which he was doing, or should he embark what little capital he had in some attempt to better his fortunes? His present life, if unambitious, was at least secure. It was possible that he might lose all in a new venture. Yet, on the other hand, John felt that he still had all the energy of his youth, and was as able as ever to turn his hand to anything. If his son, he reflected, who had left him fifteen years before, had been alive, he might have been of assistance to him now. A vague longing for the comforts which he had enjoyed in more fortunate days filled and unsettled his mind. He was still brooding over the matter when, looking up, he saw, against the setting sun, a man dressed in a long grey overcoat, who was striding down the road from the direction of Southampton.

It was no uncommon thing for pedestrians of every type to pass the door of John Ranter, and yet this particular one attracted his attention to an unusual degree. Over his shoulder the stranger had a broad leather strap, and to this was attached a large black bag, something like those which are worn by bookmakers upon a race course. Indeed, John Ranter's first impression was that the traveler belonged to the betting fraternity.

When the young fellow came near the gate, he slowed down his pace, and looked irresolutely about him. Then he halted and addressed John, speaking in a peculiar metallic voice.

"I say, mate," he said; "I guess I'd have to walk all night if I wanted to make Portsmouth in the morning?"

"I guess you would," the other answered, surlily, mimicking the stranger's tone and pronunciation. "You've hardly got started yet."

"Well, now, that beats everything," the traveler said, impatiently. "I'd ha' put up at an inn in Southampton if I dared. To think o' my spending my first night in the old country like that!"

"And why dar'n't you put up at an inn?" John Ranter asked.

The stranger winked one of his shrewd eyes at John.

"There ain't such a very long way between an inn-keeper and a thief," he said; "anyway, there's not in Californy, and I guess human nator' is human natur' all the world over. When I've got what's worth keepin' I give the inns a wide berth."

"Oh, you've got what's worth keeping, have you?" said the old misanthrope to himself, and he relaxed the grimness of his features as far as he could, and glanced out of the corner of his eyes at the black leather bag.

"Ye see, it's this way," the young man said, confidentially; "I've been out at the diggings, first in Nevada and then in Californy, and I've struck it, and struck it pretty rich, too, you bet. When I had made my pile I pushed for home in the Marie Rose and landed at Southampton. When I landed I lit out for Portsmouth, where I used to know some folk."

"Are your friends expecting you in Portsmouth?" John Ranter asked.

The young man laid down his bag and laughed heartily.

"That's where the joke comes in," he cried; "they don't know that I've left the States."

"Oh, that's the joke, is it?"

"Yes; that's the joke. You see, they are all sitting at breakfast, maybe, or at dinner, as the case might be, and I pushes my way in, and I up with this here bag and opens it, and then kerwhop down comes the whole lot on the table;" and the young man laughed heartily once more over the idea.

"The whole lot of what?" asked John Ranter.

"Why, of shiners, of course—dollars, you understand."

"And d'ye mean to say you carry your whole fortune about with you in gold?" Ranter asked, in amazement.

"My whole fortune? No, boss, I reckon not. The bulk of it is in notes and shares, and they're all packed away right enough. This is just eight hundred dollars that I put to one side for this same little game that I spoke of. But I suppose it's no use trying to get there to-night, and I'll have to trust to an inn after all."

"Don't you do that," the elder man said earnestly. "They are a rough lot in the inns about here, and there's many a poor sailor found his pockets as empty in the morning as they were the day he sailed out of port. You find some honest man and ask him for a night's lodging; that's the best thing you can do."

"Well, pard, I guess I've lost my bearings in this neighborhood," the gold-digger said. "If you can put me on the track of any such berth as you speak of, I'd be beholden to you."

"Why, for that matter," John Ranter said, "we have a spare room of our own, and should be very glad if you would pass the night in it. We are simple folk, my wife and I; but as far as a fire and a warm supper go, you're very welcome to both the one and the other."

"Well, you can't say fairer than that," the traveler responded, and he walked up the little gravel walk with his companion while the shadow of night spread slowly over the landscape, and the owl hooted mournfully in the neighboring wood.

Mrs. Ranter, who had been a comely lass thirty years before, was now a white-haired, melancholy woman, with a wan face and a timid manner. She welcomed the stranger in a nervous, constrained fashion, and proceeded to cook some rashers of bacon, which she cut from a great side which hung from the rafter, put his bag under a chair, and then, sitting down above it, he drew out his pipe and lit it. Ranter filled his again at the same time, eyeing his companion furtively all the while from under his heavy eye-brows.

"You'd best take your coat off," he said, in an off-hand way.

"No; I'll keep it on, if you don't mind," the other returned. "I never take this coat off."

"Please yourself," said John, puffing at his pipe; "I thought maybe you'd find it hot with this fire burning; but then, Californey is a hot place, I'm told, and maybe you find England chilly?"

The other did not answer, and the two men sat silently watching the rashers, which frizzled and sputtered upon the pan.

"What sort o' ship did you come in?" the host asked, at last.

"The Marie Rose," said the other. "She's a three-masted schooner, and came over with hides and other goods. She's not much to look at, but she's no slouch of a sea boat. We'd a gale off Cape Horn that would have tried any ship that ever sailed. Three days under a single double-reefed topsail, and that was rather more than she could carry. Am I in your way, mistress?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Ranter, hurriedly. The stranger had been looking at her very hard while he spoke.

"I guess the skipper and the mates will wonder what has become of me," he continued. "I was in such a hurry that I came off without a word to one of them. However, my traps are on board, so they'll know I've not deserted them for good."

"Did you speak to anyone after you left the ship?" Ranter asked, carelessly.

"No."

"Why didn't you take a trap if you wanted to get to Portsmouth?"

"Mate, you've never come ashore from a long sea voyage, else you'd not ask me that question. Why, man, it's the greatest pleasure you can have to stretch your legs and keep on stretching them. I'd have paddled on right enough if the light had held."

"You'll be a deal better in a comfortable bed," said Ranter; "and now the supper's ready, so let us fall to. Here's beer in the jug, and there's whiskey in that bottle, so it's your own fault if you don't help yourself."

The three gathered round the table and made an excellent meal. Under the influence of their young guest's genial face and cheery conversation, the mistress of the house lost her haggard appearance, and even made one or two timid attempts to join in the talk. The country postman, coming home from his final round, stopped in astonishment when he saw the blazing light in the cottage window, and heard the merry sound of laughter which pealed out on the still night air.

If any close observer had been watching the little party as they sat round the table, he might have remarked that John Ranter showed a very lively curiosity in regard to the long grey coat in which his visitor was clad. Not only did he eye that garment narrowly from time to time, but he twice found pretexts to pass close to the other's chair, and each time he did so he drew his hand, as though accidentally, along the side of the overcoat. Neither the young man nor the hostess appeared, however, to take the slightest notice of this strange conduct upon the part of the ex-publican.

After supper the two men drew their chairs up to the fire once more, while the old woman removed the dishes. The traveller's conversation turned principally upon the wonders of California and of the great republic in which he had spent the best part of his life. He spoke of the fortunes which were made at the mines, too, and of the golden store which may be picked up by whoever is lucky enough to find it, until Ranter's eyes sparkled again as he listened.

"How much might it take to get out there?" he said.

"Oh! a hundred pounds or so would start you comfortably," answered the man with the grey coat.

"That doesn't seem much."

"Why anyone should stay in England while there is money to be picked up there is more than I can understand," the miner remarked. "And now, mate, you'll excuse me, but I'm a man that likes to go to roost early and be up at cock-crow. If the missus here would show me my room I'd be obliged."

"Won't you have another whisky? No? Ah! well, good-night. Lizzie, you will show Mr.——Mr.——"

"Mr. Goodall," said the other.

"You will show Mr. Goodall up to his room. I hope you'll sleep well."

"I always sleep sound," said the man with the grey coat; and, with a nod, he tramped heavily, bag in hand, up the wooden staircase, while the old woman toiled alonged with the light in front of him.

When he had gone, John Ranter put both his hands into his trowsers' pocket, stretched out his legs, and stared gloomily into the fire, with a wrinkled brow and

projecting lips. A great many thoughts were passing through his mind—so many that he did not hear his wife re-enter the kitchen, nor did he answer her when she spoke to him. It was half-past ten when the visitor retired, and at twelve John Ranter was still bending over the smouldering heap of ashes with the same look of thought upon his face. It was only when his wife asked him whether he was not going to bed that he appeared to come to himself.

"No, Lizzie," he said, in a more conciliatory tone than was usual with him. "We'll both stay up a short time to-night."

"All right, John," the poor woman said, with a glad smile. It was many a year since he had ever asked her for her company.

"Is he upstairs all right?"

"Who? Oh, Mr. Goodall? Yes; I showed him into the spare room."

"D'ye think he's asleep?"

"I suppose so John. He's been there nigh an hour and a half."

"Is there a key in the door?"

"No, dear; but what queer questions you do ask."

John Ranter was silent for a time.

"Lizzie," he said at last, taking up the poker, and playing with it nervously, "in the whole world there is no one who knows that that man came here to-night. If he never left us again no one would know what had become of him, or care to make any search after him."

His wife said nothing, but she turned white to her very lips.

"He has eight hundred dollars in that bag, Lizzie, which makes over a hundred and fifty pounds of our money. But he has more than that. He's got lumps of gold sewn into the lining of that grey coat of his. That's why he didn't care about taking it off. I saw the knobs, and I managed to feel 'em too. That money, my girl, would be enough to take the two of us out to that same country where he picked all this up——"

"For Heaven's sake, John," cried his wife, flinging herself at his feet, and clasping his knees with her arms, "for my sake—for the sake of our boy, who might be about this young man's age—think no more of this! We are old, John, and, rich or poor, we must in a few short years go to our long home. Don't go with the stain of blood upon you. Oh, spare him! We have been bad, but never so bad as this!"

But John Ranter continued to gaze over his wife's head into the fire, and the set sternness of his features never relaxed for one moment. It seemed to her, as she looked up into his eyes, that a strange new expression had come into them such as she had never seen before—the baleful, lurid glare of the beast of prey.

"This is a chance," he said, "such as would never come to us again. How many would be glad to have it! Besides, Lizzie, it is my life or his, man's. You remember what Dr. Cousins said of me when we were at Portess. I was liable to apoplexy, he said, and disappointment, or hardships or grief, might bring it on. This wretched life has enough of all three. Now if we had the money, we could start afresh, and all would be well. I tell you, wife, I shall do it!" and he clenched his large brown hand round the poker.

"You must not, John—and you shall not."

"I shall, and I will. Leave go of my knees."

He was about to push her from him when he perceived that she had fainted. Picking her up he carried her to the side of the room and laid her down there. Then he went back, and taking up the poker he balanced it in his hand. It seemed to strike him as being too light, for he went into the scullery, and after groping about in the dark he came back with a small axe. He was swinging this backwards and forwards when his eye fell upon the knife which his wife had used before supper in cutting the rashers of bacon. He ran his finger along the edge of it. It was keen as a razor. "It's handier and surer!" he muttered; and going to the cupboard he drank off a large glass of raw whisky, after which he kicked off his boots and began silently to ascend the old-fashioned stair.

There were twelve steps which led up from the kitchen to a landing, and from the landing eight more to the bedroom of their guest. John Ranter was nearly half an hour in ascending those first twelve. The woodwork was rotten, and the construction weak, so that they creaked under the weight of the heavy man. He would first put his right foot lightly upon the board, and gradually increase the pressure upon it until his whole weight was there. Then he would carefully move up his left foot, and stand listening breathlessly for any sound from above. Nothing broke the silence, however, except the dull ticking of the clock in the kitchen behind him and the melancholy hooting of an owl among the shrubbery. In the dull, uncertain light, there was something terrible in this vague, dark figure creeping slowly up the little staircase—moving, pausing, crouching, but always coming nearer to the top.

When he reached the landing he could see the door of the young miner's room. John Ranter stood aghast. The door was on the jar, and through the narrow opening there shone a thin golden stream. The light was still burning. Did it mean that the traveller was awake? John listened intently, but there was no sound of any movement in the room. For a long time he strained his ears, but all was perfectly still.

"If he were awake," John said to himself, "he would have turned in his bed, or made some rustling during this time."

Then he began stealthily to ascend the eight remaining steps until he was immediately outside the bedroom door. Still all was silent within. No doubt it was one of his foreign customs to leave the light burning during the night. He had mentioned in conversation that he was a sound sleeper. Ranter began to fear that unless he got it over his wife might recover and raise an alarm. Clutching his knife in his right hand, he quietly pushed the door a little more open with his left and inserted his head. Something cold pressed against his temple as he did so. It was the muzzle of a revolver.

"Come in, John Ranter," said the quiet voice of his guest; "but first drop your weapon, or I shall be compelled to fire. You are at my mercy."

Indeed, the ex-publican's head was caught in such a way that it would be hurt for him either to withdraw or to force his way in. He gave a deep groan of rage and disappointment, and his knife clattered down upon the floor.

"I meant no harm," he said, sullenly, as he entered the room.

"I have been expecting you for a couple of hours," the man with the grey coat said, holding his pistol still cocked in his right hand, so that he might use it if necessary. He was dressed exactly as he had been when he went upstairs, and the ill-fated bag was resting upon the unruffled bed. "I knew that you were coming."

"How—how?" John stammered.

"Because I know you; because I saw murder in your eye when you stood before me at the gate; because I saw you feel my coat here for the nuggets. That is why I waited up for you."

"You have no proof against me," said John Ranter, sullenly.

"I do not want any. I could shoot you where you stand, and the law would justify me. Look at that bag upon the bed there. I told you there was money in it. What d'ye think I brought that money to England for? It was to give to you—yes, to you. And that grey coat on me is worth five hundred pounds; that was for you also. Ah! you begin to understand now. You begin to see the mistake you have made."

John Ranter had staggered against the wall, and his face was all drawn down on one side.

"Jack!" he gasped. "Jack!"

"Yes; Jack Ranter—your son. That's who I am." The young man turned back his sleeve, and bared a blue device upon his forearm. "Don't you remember Harry Pete put that 'J. R.' on when I was a lad? Now you know me. I made my fortune, and I came back, earnestly hoping that you would help me to spend it. I called at the 'Battle of Dettingen,' and they told me where to find you. Then, when I saw you at the gate, I thought I'd test my mother and you, and see if you were the same as ever. I came to make you happy, and you have tried to murder me. I shall not punish you; but I shall go, and you shall never see either me or my money any more."

While the young man had been saying these words, a series of twitchings and horrible contortions had passed over the face of his father, and at the last words he took a step forward, raised his hands above his head, and fell, with a hoarse cry, upon the ground. His eyes became glazed, his breathing stertorous, and foam stood upon his purple lips. It did not take much medical knowledge to see that he was dying. His son stood over him and loosened his collar and shirt.

"One last question," he said, in quick, earnest tones. "Did my mother aid in this attempt?"

John Ranter appeared to understand the import of it, for he shook his head; and so, with this single act of justice, his dark spirit fled from this world of crime. The doctor's warning had come true, and emotion had hastened a long impending apoplexy. His son lifted him reverentially on to the bed, and did such best offices as could be done.

"Perhaps it is the best thing that could have happened," he said, sadly, as he turned from the room, and went down to seek his mother, and to comfort her in her sore affliction.

* * * * * *

Young John Ranter returned to America, and by his energy and talents soon became one of the richest men in his State. He has definitely settled here now, and will return no more to the old country. In his paternal residence there dwells a white-haired, anxious-faced old woman, whose every wish is consulted, and to whom the inmates show every reverence. This is old Mrs. Ranter; and her son has hopes with time, and among new associations, she may come to forget that terrible night when the man with the grey coat paid a visit to the lonely Hampshire cottage.

The Secret Wedding.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

EMILY GRAHAM was the daughter of a widow of small fortune, which consisted principally of a pension allowed her by a great trading company, in consequence of her husband having lost his life in their service.

The beauty of Emily, and her acquired accomplishments, attracted the attention of all who knew her, but especially of Mr. Henry Howard, a young gentleman who had inherited from his father an estate of two thousand a year. This was clogged with a condition in favor of the daughters of his uncle—his father conceiving himself to be under particular obligations to his brother, by which he was restrained from marrying before he was thirty, except to one of his cousins—or, at least, with the consent of his uncle, on pain of losing one half of his estate, which it was in his father's power to devise from him by will, and which, in that case, was to pass to the daughters of his uncle.

His father had fixed on the age of thirty as that mature period of life when the violent passions of early youth begin to subside; and as his cousins were young ladies of no inconsiderable fortune and expectations, if they then continued unmarried, prudence might be expected to take the place of thoughtless love.

But Love, at the least idea of restraint, clapps his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Before Mr. Howard met with Miss Graham, he made very slow advances towards gaining the affections of either of the ladies recommended to his attention by his father. After he had seen Emily, they became almost his aversion.

Now he was in a dilemma. Before he could contract the union he so ardently wished with her whom he so tenderly loved, several years must elapse, or a forfeiture to which he could not bring himself to consent must be incurred.

Of these years, one or two were passed in patient expectation.

At length, love in some degree overcoming prudence, he proposed to his Emily, a secret marriage.

To this, Miss Graham, after many earnest solicitations, was, though with not a little reluctance, induced to consent.

Everything was accordingly arranged by the management of Mr. Howard.

They were married with a privacy which he confidently believed must elude any discovery, especially as it was his intention, when the time came which set him at liberty, to repeat the ceremony in a public manner.

But scarcely had another twelvemonth elapsed, when a new difficulty arose, for which a sufficient preparation had not been made.

Emily discovered that she would soon become a mother.

Whatever joy this event might have given to both under the circumstances, it was now the cause of considerable perplexity.

Mr. Howard again had recourse to his fertile invention; and by his advise Emily asked her mother's permission to visit a female acquaintance who had gone to reside at a great distance in the country, and to stay with her for a month or two.

Mrs. Graham readily consented, and Emily, by the management of Mr. Howard retired to some obscure apartments which he had procured for her.

When she recovered, she intended to return to her mother's house, and to send the child out to be nursed till the time arrived when their marriage might be re-solemnised and openly declared.

Letters, in the meantime, by Mr. Howard's contrivance, were conveyed to Mrs. Graham from Emily, as if from the country, requesting the indulgence of a longer stay, and fixing the time when she should return.

Emily had, from the first, been anxiously desirous that her mother should be admitted to a participation of their secret.

Mr. Howard, however, well knowing Mrs. Graham's integrity, high sense of honor, and utter aversion to everything that had the most distant resemblance to artifice and dissimulation, feared her openness of character might lead to discovery, and could not be induced to consent.

The yielding Emily therefore acquiesced in his plan.

But no art or cunning can infallibly guard against accident.

A servant-girl who knew Emily chanced to see her, and informed her mother both of the place of her retreat and for what purpose she was there.

Mrs. Graham, in the utmost distress, flew to find her daughter; and though not without some difficulty, at length obtained admission to her presence.

She found her with her infant, not doubting but she had been dishonored.

Emily with difficulty pacified her mother, and prevailed on her to listen to her story, which she now related without the least reserve, conjuring her to secrecy.

Mrs. Graham, yielding to the necessity of the case, readily promised, though she did not forbear remonstrating with her daughter in very strong terms on her want of confidence in her.

Emily soon after returned home.

Her long absence and certain hints which had been given by the servant-girl, and which were circulated in whispers through the neighborhood, rendered all her lady friends very shy towards her.

She found herself at last entirely excluded from their society, since it was not in her power to justify herself without betraying the secret which it was of so much consequence to her interest not to disclose.

In another year, which had to elapse before her character could be retrieved by the open avowal of her marriage with Mr. Howard, poor Emily lived in a state of melancholy seclusion.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Howard, set at liberty by the restraint laid upon him by his father's will, prepared to carry into execution his scheme of a public marriage with Emily.

But while he was making arrangements for this purpose he received a notice from his uncle's solicitor that an action would be immediately commenced under the will of his father for the half of his estate, in consequence of his marriage without the consent of his uncle, and before the time prescribed, of which they were in possession of sufficient proofs.

Mr. Howard found on inquiry that by some extraordinary accidental circumstance his uncle had obtained such proofs of the fact that it would be in vain to attempt a defence.

He therefore surrendered without a contest what he knew he could not hope to retain.

Thus was rendered fruitless all the artifice of Mr. Howard; while all the uneasiness and mortification endured by Emily and her mother were equally to no purpose.

That which might have been obtained by patience or yielded with generosity was lost with some degree of disgrace and much disappointment.

Mrs. Graham and her daughter, however on reflection, were not displeased at the event.

They conceived that the suspicions which had been attached to the character of the latter could only be removed by a full and undeniable disclosure of the truth.

The disproof of these therefore they considered as more than a compensation for the diminution of a fortune.

A LOVING GIRL.—Cynthia Boardman was a girl of loving disposition, and her affections were true as gold when once they were fastened. William Rawlings was the happy man who first led Cynthia to the altar a blushing bride. A mule killed Mr. Rawlings. His relict then married Mr. Ladd. He was drowned. Making a visit to Pennsylvania, she was snapped up by Mr. Henderson. He died. Returning to Ohio, her native heath, she became Mrs. Johnson. He died. Mrs. Johnson then took Mr. Dixon. He died. Again the widow goes to Pennsylvania, and again is she snapped up; this time by Mr. Maybury, and they move to Indiana. The ague killed him. The much-tried widow returns to Ohio, where Harry Ladd, a brother of her second husband, married her. He died. She now takes a rest for four years, and then becomes Mrs. Tipton. He died. She now went on to her farm, and proceeded to ornament her house with the portraits of the lamented dead, and hung them up as a gentle reminder of the fate in store for the unfortunate man who should next marry her. She next married Mr. Dyer, a frail man, who was not as popular as some of her other husbands; "but," she said, apologetically, "I was gettin' too old, to be particular, and I took him. George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his pictur it soon go along with the rest of 'em."

PEOPLE live to a greater age on the average in New Hampshire than in any other State in the Union.

Hopeless and Helpless.

In one of the prettiest houses in the pleasant town of Jamaica, Long Island, dwells Mrs. Mary A. Doughty, a representative lady of one of the oldest families in the place. Mrs. Doughty's case presents some remarkable features in her history of complete invalidism and entire recovery. A well-known literary gentleman from Brooklyn recently visited Mrs. Doughty at her Jamaica home. To him she communicated the story of her illness and her restoration. The following is the substance of her narration:

"Some twenty years ago I was taken with a severe cough and agonizing, racking pains. The physicians were unable to explain exactly what it was or to give me relief. My pain continued to increase at intervals—sometimes partially leaving me and again returning with new violence. I was not entirely prostrated until about five years ago, when I became a victim of the most intense nervousness and sleeplessness. I wasted away and was hopeless and helpless, I could not even turn myself in bed.

"Some two years ago I read about the Compound Oxygen, and the first result was that I sent to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN for a little book on the subject. The next result was, that after reading the book, I sent for a Home Treatment.

"I was prepared for a slow recovery, for I was in such a prostrate condition. I was unable to raise my hand to my head. For months I had been in bed, powerless to touch my feet to the floor. Sometimes I was hardly able to talk. One of the first effects of the Compound Oxygen was that it drove away my sleeplessness. I now began to find out what it was to have a good night's rest, and oh, how I did enjoy my sleep! With sleep came increase of strength, very slight at first, but gradually increasing. Then I began to be able to digest my food with some degree of comfort."

"And now, Mrs. Doughty, please tell me what is the present state of your health?"

"With pleasure, sir. You see me to-day just as I am. I am in good spirits and free from pain, except when an occasional stitch in my side or something of that kind takes me unexpectedly. I eat moderately with fair appetite, and am not restricted in my diet. My dyspepsia is gone. The strength of my lower limbs is not yet such as to enable me to walk out of doors.

"But I go out freely and frequently, sitting in my invalid-chair, on which I greatly enjoy being wheeled from place to place."

"You attribute your recovery, then, very largely to your use of Compound Oxygen, do you, Madam?"

"Very largely! Why, sir, but for the Compound Oxygen I should still be in the helpless and emaciated condition I was, or more probably, in my grave; for I was going down, down, down—gaining nothing, but losing everything, and was nearly gone. 'Very largely,' Well, you may say entirely, under the blessing of God. Yes, you may say to all who ask you of the merits of Compound Oxygen, that it raised me from the edge of the grave and opened to me a new life." If you wish to know all about this Treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila., for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMY'S HERO.

BY PIPKIN.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THE play-room was at the top of the house, and Barbara and two little sisters of Tommy's were playing there when they came in, the clown turning in his toes and making awful faces.

The two little girls ran into a corner, and seemed considerably frightened by the stranger's appearance, but Barbara reassured them.

"Don't take any notice," she said, "it's only a horrid friend of Tommy's. He won't interfere with us."

"Oh, Barbara," the boy protested, "he's awfully nice if you only knew him. He can make you laugh. Do let us play with you. He wants to, and he won't be rough."

"Do," pleaded the clown, "I'll behave so pretty!"

"Well," said Barbara, "mind you do, then, or you shan't stop."

And for a little while he did behave himself. Tommy showed him his new soldiers, and he seemed quite interested, and then he had a ride on the rocking-horse, and was sorry when it broke down under him, and after that he came suddenly upon a beautiful doll which belonged to the youngest sister.

"Do let me nurse it," he said, and the little girl gave it up timidly. Of course he nursed it the wrong way up, and at last forgot, and sat down on it, the head, which was wax, being crushed to pieces!

Tommy was in fits of laughter at the droll face he made as he held out the crushed doll at arm's length and looked at it with one eye shut, exclaiming, "Poor thing! what a pity it's so soft-headed—ain't it, though?"

But the two little girls were crying bitterly in one another's arms, and Barbara turned on the clown with tremendous indignation.

"You did it on purpose, you know you did!" she said.

"Go away, little girl, don't talk to me," said the clown, putting Tommy in front of him.

"Tommy," she said, "what did you bring your friend up here for? He only spoils everything he's allowed to touch. Take him away!"

"Barbara," pleaded Tommy, "he's a visitor, you know!"

"I don't care," she replied. "Mr. Clown, you shan't stay here; this is our room, and we don't want you. Go away!" She walked towards him looking so fierce that he backed hastily. "Go down-stairs," she said, pointing to the door. "You, too, Tommy, for you encouraged him!"

"Sya, nyan, nyah!" said the clown, a sound by which he intended to imitate her anger. "Oh, please, I'm going, remember me to your mother." And he left the room, followed rather sadly by Tommy, who felt that Barbara was angry with him. "That's a very disagreeable little girl," remarked the clown, confidentially, when they were safe outside, and Tommy thought it wiser to agree.

"What have you got in your pockets," he asked, presently, seeing a hard bulge in his friend's white trunks.

"Only some o' your nice soldiers," said the clown, and walked into the school room, where there was a fire burning. "Are they brave?" he asked.

"Very," said Tommy, who had quite persuaded himself that this was so. "Look here, we'll have a battle." He thought a battle would keep the clown quiet. "Here's two cannon and peas, and you shall be the French and I'll be English."

"All right," said the clown, and took some of the soldiers and calmly put them all in the middle of the red-hot coals. "I want to be quite sure they can stand fire first," he explained, and then, as they melted, he said, "There, you see, they're all running away. I never see such cowards."

Tommy was in a great rage, and could almost have cried, if it had not been babyish, for they were his best regiments which he could see dropping down in great glittering stars on the ashes below. "That's a caddish thing to do," he said, with difficulty; "I didn't give them to you to put in the fire!"

"Oh, I thought you did," said the clown, "I beg your pardon," and he threw the rest after them as he spoke.

"You're a beast," cried Tommy, indignantly; "I've done with you after this."

"Oh, no yer ain't," he returned.

"I have, though," said Tommy, "we're not friends any longer."

"All right," said the clown, "when I'm not friends with any one, I take and use the red-hot poker to 'em," and he put it in the fire to heat as he spoke.

This terrified the boy. It was no use trying to argue with the clown, and he had seen how he used a red-hot poker. "Well, I'll forgive you this time," he said, hastily; "let's come away from here."

"I tell you what," said the clown, "you and me'll go down in the kitchen and make a pie."

Tommy forgot his injuries at this delightful idea; he knew what the clown's notion of pie-making would be. "Yes," he said, eagerly, "that will be jolly; only I don't know," he added, doubtfully, "if cook will let us."

However, the clown soon managed to secure the kitchen to himself: he had merely to attempt to kiss the cook once or twice and throw the best dinner service at the other servants, and they were left quite alone to do as they pleased.

What fun it was, to begin with! The clown brought out a large deep dish, and began by putting a whole turkey and an unskinned hare in it out of the larder; after that he put in sausages, jam, pickled walnuts, and lemons, and, in short, the first thing that came to hand.

"It ain't 'arf full yet," he said at last, as he looked gravely into the pie.

"No," said Tommy, sympathetically, "can't we get anything else to put in?"

"The very thing," cried the clown, "you're just about the right size to fill up,—my, what a pie it's going to be, eh?" And he caught up his young friend, just as he was, rammed him into the pie, and poured sauce on him.

But he kicked and howled until the clown grew seriously displeased. "Why can't you lay quiet," he said, angrily, "like the turkey does; you don't deserve to to be put into such a nice pie."

"If you make a pie of me," said Tommy, artfully, "there'll be nobody to look on and laugh at you, you know?"

"No more there won't," said the clown, and allowed him to crawl out, all over sauce. "It was a pity," he declared, "because he fitted so nicely, and now they would have to look about for something else"; but he contrived to make a stuff with the contents of the cook's work-basket, which he poured on,—reels, pincushions, wax, and all; he had tried to put in the kitchen cat too, but she scratched his hands and could not be induced to form the finishing touch to the pie.

How the clown got the paste and rolled it, and made Tommy in a mess with it, and how the pie was finished at last would take too long to tell here, but somehow it was not quite such capital fun as he had expected—it seemed to want the pantomime music or something; and then Tommy was always dreading lest the clown should change his mind at the last minute, and put him in the pie after all.

Even when it was safely in the oven he had another fear lest he should be made to stay and eat it, for it had such very peculiar things in it that it could not be at all nice. Fortunately, as soon as it was put away the clown seemed to weary of it himself.

"Let me and you go and take a walk," he suggested.

Tommy caught at the proposal, for he was fast becoming afraid of the clown, and felt really glad to get him out of the house; so he got his cap and the clown put on a brown overcoat and a tall hat, under which his white and red face looked stranger than ever, and they sallied forth together.

Once Tommy would have thought it a high privilege to be allowed to go out shopping with a clown; but, if the plain truth must be told, he did not enjoy himself so very much after all.

People seemed to stare at them so, for one thing, and he felt almost ashamed of his companion, whose behavior was outrageously ridiculous. They went to all the family tradesmen, to whom Tommy was, of course, well known, and the clown would order the most impossible things, and say they were for Tommy! Once he even pushed him into a large draper's shop, full of pretty and contemptuous young ladies, and basely left him to explain his presence as he could.

But it was worse when they happened to meet an Italian boy, with a tray of plaster images his head.

"Here's a lark," said the clown, and elbowed Tommy against him in such a way that the tray slipped and all the images fell to the ground with a crash.

It was certainly amusing to see all the pieces rolling about, but, while Tommy was still laughing, the boy began to howl and denounce him to the crowd which gathered round them. The crowd declared that it was a shame, and that Tommy ought to be made to pay for it; and no one said so more loudly than the clown!

Before he could escape he had to give his father's name and address, and promise that he would pay for the damage, after which he joined the clown (who had strolled on) with a heavy heart, for he knew that that business would stop all his pocket-money long after he was grown up! He even ventured to reproach his friend: "I shan't speak of you, of course," he said, "but you know you did it!" The clown's only answer to this was a reproof for telling wicked stories.

At last they passed a confectioner's, and the clown suddenly remembered that he was hungry, so they went in, and he borrowed sixpence from Tommy, which he spent in buns.

He eat them all himself slowly, and was so very quiet and well-behaved all the time, that Tommy hoped he was sobering down. They had gone a little way from the shop when he found that the clown was eating tarts.

"You might give me one," said Tommy, and the clown, after looking over his shoulder, actually gave him all he had left filling his pocket with them, in fact.

"I never saw you buy them," he said, wonderingly, which the clown said was very peculiar; and just then an attendant came up breathlessly.

"You forgot to pay for those tarts," she said.

The clown replied that he never took pastry. She insisted that they were gone, and he must have taken them.

"It wasn't me, please," said the clown; "it was this little boy done it. Why, he's got a jam tart in his pocket now. Where's a policeman?"

Tommy was so thunderstruck by this treachery that he could say nothing. It was only what he might have expected, for had not the clown served the pantaloon exactly the same the night before? But that did not make the situation any the funnier now, particularly as the clown made such a noise that two real policemen came hurrying up.

Tommy did not wait for them. No one held him, and he ran away at the top of his speed. What a nightmare sort of run it was,—the policemen chasing him, and the clown urging them on at the top of his voice. Everybody he passed turned round and ran after him too.

Still he kept ahead. He was surprised to find how fast he could run, and all at once he remembered that he was running the opposite direction from home. Quick as thought he turned up the first street he came to, hoping to throw them off the scent and get home by a back way.

For the moment he thought he had got rid of them; but just as he stopped to take breath, they all came whooping and hallooing round the corner after him; and he had to scamper on, panting, and sobbing, and staggering, and almost out of his mind with fright.

If he could only get home first and tell his mother! But they were gaining on him, and the clown was leading and roaring with delight as he drew closer and closer. He came to a point where two roads met. It was round another corner, and they could not see him. He ran down one, and, to his immense relief, found they had taken the other. He was saved, for his house was quite near now.

He tried to hasten, but the pavement was all slushy and slippery, and his boots felt heavier and heavier, and, to add to his misery, the pursuers had found out their mistake. As he looked back he could see the clown galloping round the corner and hear his yell of discovery.

"Oh, fairy 'dear fairy,'" he gasped, "save me this time. I do like your part best, now!"

She must have heard him and taken pity, for in a second he had reached his door, and it flew open before him. He was not safe even even yet, so he rushed upstairs to his bedroom, and bounced, just as he was, into his bed.

"If they come up I'll pretend I'm ill," he thought, as he covered his head with the bed-clothes.

They were coming up, all of them. There was a great trampling on the stairs. He heard the clown officiously shouting: "This way, Mr. Policeman, sir!" and then a tremendous battering at his door.

He lay there shivering under the blankets.

"Perhaps they'll think the door's locked, and go away," he tried to hope, and the battering went on not quite so violently.

"Master Tommy! Master Tommy!" It was Sarah's voice. They had got her to come up and tempt him out. Well, she wouldn't, then!

And then,—oh! horror!—the door was thrown open. He sprang out of bed in an agony.

"Sarah! Sarah! keep them out," he gasped. "Don't let them take me away!"

"Lor, Master Tommy! keep who out?" said Sarah, wonderingly.

"The—the clown—and the policemen," he said. "I know they're behind the door."

"There, there," said Sarah; "why you ain't done dreaming yet. That's what comes of going to those late pantomimes. Rub your eyes; it's nearly eight o'clock."

Tommy could have hugged her. It was only a dream after all, then. As he stood there shivering in his nightgown, the nightmare clown began to melt away, though even yet some of the adventures he had gone through seemed too vivid to be quite imaginary.

* * * * *

Singularly enough, his Uncle John actually did call that morning, and to take him to the Crystal Palace, too; and as there was no butter-slide for him to fall down on, they were able to go. On the way Tommy told him all about his unpleasant dream.

"I shall always hate a clown after this, uncle," he said, as he concluded.

"My good Tommy," said his uncle, "when you are fortunate enough to dream a dream with a moral in it, don't go and apply it the wrong way up. The real clown, like a sane big man, keeps his fun for the place where it is harmless and appreciated, and away from the pantomime conducts himself like any other respectable person. Now, your dream clown, Tommy——"

"I know," said Tommy, meekly. "Should you think the pantomime was good here, Uncle John?"

A SMART COLLECTOR.—A Detroit firm employed a new collector a few days ago, and among other bills he was given one which had long been classed under the head of "doubtful." He was informed that the chances of his getting anything were extremely dubious, but was promised half of all he could collect. In two hours after starting out he was back with the money on the doubtful bill, and when asked how he succeeded so well he replied:

"After getting into his office I locked the door, pocketed the key, and told him he'd either get to come down or I'd break every bone in his body. He shelled out, and both of us are $10 ahead."

The next day the firm paid $75 to settle a case of "extorting money by threats of violence," and the collector was kindly informed that he could have a long vacation for the benefit of his health.

Bereaved one: "Yes, Mr. Sparkins, my poor wife died on Thursday. Ah, life will be as different again without her." Sparkins (enthusiastically): "It will, my boy—I know what it is; I'm a widower myself."

HOW WOLVES HUNT.

THE following curious incident is related by Lord Saltoun, illustrative of the tactics adopted by wolves in India for securing the capture of their prey.

"We had sighted," he says, "a small herd of antelope, and were about to try to get within range of them.

"The ground in front and all round was 'maidan,' or plain, but studded here and there with small clumps and belts of thorny bushes, most of the former large enough to hide us. The antelope were feeding on the plain, behind the left extremity of a narrow belt of bushes that stretched across in front of us for a few hundred yards, and we had managed to get up to a small bushy clump about 150 or 200 yards from them when Young suddenly said—

"'Stop! be quiet;' and then, after a long look, added, 'Well, you are in luck; so short a time in this country, and yet about to see a sight I have never myself seen but once before, long as I've been at Shikar,' and then he pointed out to me, about five or six hundred yards to our right, and about as far from the right-hand extremity of the belt of bushes as we were from the left, a party of five large wolves, busily employed in scraping a hole in the dry ground.

"We had ourselves from their sight, but watched them, and presently saw four of them come towards us; the fifth had lain down in the hole they had dug.

"About half way they again stopped and scratched a shallow hole; and then but three came on, leaving their companion crouched in it. The three came right in front of the bush that concealed us, between us and the left end of the belt, and there, about forty yards to our front, they made a third shallow hole or depression on the surface, into which another of their party got.

"The wind was blowing from our left front, what little there was of it; and the remaining two wolves, taking advantage of every little bush or slight inequality in the ground that could afford them any shelter, proceeded to stalk up to the antelope round the left end of the belt, continuing their crawling approach until, having reached within twenty to thirty yards, it was evident that any further advance must give the wind to their destined prey, when they dashed at them full speed, and though they did not succeed in seizing one, during the panic that ensued they forced a doe to fly down wind, with them close behind her. Breaking through the belt of bushes, her course led her diagonally across the plain, somewhat in the direction of the animals farthest to the right, but rather wide of it.

"When the wolf in that hole saw this he sprang out, and, heading her, he turned her across or along the line of hers. She passed rather wide of the centre one, and its occupant jumped up and followed close to her; but she came so near that in front of us as to enable the wolf in it to spring out and seize her.

"Before the rest could come up she struggled free, but he had torn her badly and lamed her, and she turned down past us, followed by the hungry crew. As they came on, said Young, 'She can't live, so you kill the doe and I'll take the biggest of those scoundrels,' and immediately the antelope and one the wolves fell dead.

"The others stopped, turned tail, and made off at their best pace; we blazed our second barrels after them and wounded another, but not severely enough to stop him. It was a very interesting sight, and I could not help thinking that the tactics of the wolves savored as much of reason as of instinct. I had rather have got another of the wolves than the poor doe; but she could not have lived, and it was mercy to kill her at once."

A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.—When M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior he received a visit one day from a friend, who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner.

Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had produced upon the minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it.

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well known, for he himself had been Minister of the Interior.

"You have," he said, "just handed to the minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg of you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the anteroom, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him. This reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and therefore immediately carried out my instructions."

"Nervous Girl" wants to know how to cure a tickling sensation about the face. Get him to shave off his moustache.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play,
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropp'd his icy spear:
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The musk-rat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free:
"Our winter voices prophecy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall:
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.

IN THE BURNING ZONE.

The population of Ecuador, under the Equator, is about a million, and the nation owes twenty gold dollars per capita for every one of the inhabitants. The President is compelled to live at Guayaquil, so as to see that the customs duties, the only source of revenue, reach the Government, and to quell the revolutions that are constantly arising.

Three hundred thousand of the population are of Spanish descent, 100,000 are foreigners, and 600,000 native Indians or persons of mixed blood. The commerce is in the hands of the foreigners entirely, who thus have a mortgage upon the entire country. The Indians are the only people who work. Over the doors of the residences or the business houses, and both are usually under the same roof, are signs reading: "This is the property of an Englishman," "This is the property of a citizen of Germany," and so on, a necessary warning to revolutionists, who are thus notified to keep their hands off.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor but proud—very proud. The mixed race furnishes the mechanics and artisans, while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery.

A cook gets $3 a month in a depreciated currency, but the employer is expected to board her entire family. A laborer gets $4 or $6 a month, and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service. The Indians never marry, because they cannot afford to. The law compels him to pay a fee of $6, more money than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade with you anywhere but in the market place, on the spot where he and his forefathers have sold garden truck for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet whole armies of Indians, bearing upon their backs heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies, they can purchase nothing of them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles and dispose of them for less than he was offered at home.

Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourd full of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will give you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicions are excited by an attempt to depart from it.

In Ecuador there are no smaller coins than the quartillo, and change is therefore made by the use of bread. On his way to market the purchaser stops at the bakery and gets a dozen or twenty breakfast rolls, which cost about one cent each, and the market women receive them and give them as change for small purchases. If you buy a cent's worth of anything, and offer a quartillo in payment, you get a breakfast roll for the balance due you.

The Indians live in villages and communities, which are presided over by an Alcalde or Governor. The native women all wear black. One never finds a glimpse of color upon a descendant of the ancient race. They are in perpetual mourning for the last of the Incas, who was cruelly murdered by Pizarro. Their costume is a short black skirt and a square robe or mantle of black, which they wear over their heads, and hold in place by a large pin or thorn between the shoulders. They look like nuns, and walk the streets with burdens upon their backs or heads in processions as solemn as a funeral. They never laugh, and scarcely ever smile; they have no songs and no amusements. Their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas.

They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma. They have relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and two great secrets no amount of torture at the hands of the Spaniards has ever been able to wring from them. These are, the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incarial treasures.

Grains of Gold.

When one will not, two cannot, quarrel.

Weakness is more opposed to virtue than vice is.

A man must stand erect, and not be kept erect by others.

People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly.

An old man has lost his youth, and he goes stooping to the earth in search of it.

Habits of sin when put to death as habits, leave many evil legacies behind them.

As malarial air may endanger a good constitution, so bad companions endanger a good character.

The ignorant man hath no greater foe than his own ignorance, for it destroyeth where it liveth.

Man has thoughts that last merely for a day, and are no more real than is the shadow of smoke.

No man ever repented of being peaceful, gentle, meek, temperate, kind, pure and of a devout spirit.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment its hour.

Advice is like the snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

If it is well to begin a work with prayer, it is well to end it with praise, and in everything to give thanks.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

Religion is a cheerful thing; so far from being always at odds with good humor, that it is inseparably united to it.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting and examining are to the mind.

Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

The common man is the victim of events. Whatever happens is too much for him; he is drawn this way and that way, and his whole life is a perpetual hurry.

Some of the things that we know should be saved for our own use. The man who sheds all his knowledge, and don't leave enough to keep house with, fools himself.

The type of character which can oppress or insult those who have no means of redress, and from whom there is no hope of gain or fear of loss, is essentially mean, dishonorable and low.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform.

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness—even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

None have more pride than those who dream that they have none. You may labor against vain glory till you conceive that you are humble, and the fond conceit of your humility will prove to be pride in full bloom.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

Femininities.

A lively girl—Annie Mation; an uncertain girl—Eva Nescent; a sad girl—Ella G.

A serene girl—Molly Fy; a great warlike girl—Milly Tary; the best of all girls—Your own.

In the education of children love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed.

The wedding bell has a very sweet tone, but it is not so decisive as the tone of the belle after marriage.

One perverse disposition destroys the peace of a family, as one jarring instrument spoils a whole concert.

A young lady, when presented with a pair of opera-glasses, asked: "How in the world am I to keep them on?"

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife, "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

Last year, according to the treasurer's subsistence report, the girls of Vassar College consumed forty bushels of onions.

The two most difficult things are: to paint a picture of running water, and to convince a woman who does not wish to be convinced.

"You say you know Sally Jones?" "Yes." "Is she homelier than her sister Mary?" "Yes; there's more of her—she's bigger."

In the Seychelles Islands there is a curious grove of palms that grows in pairs, side by side. If one is cut down, the other, it is said, dies.

The following epitaph is over a man's grave in London:

"He died in peace. His wife died first."

"Marriage," says Disraeli, "is much like a spacious bird cage set in a garden on a winter day. The fan would be out, and the outs would be in."

"The man who rules himself," says an old proverb, "is a king." And it might have added: And the man who tries to rule a woman will also find himself aching.

"I do think that thirteen is really an unlucky number," said a pert young Miss who had just entered her teens; "it is too old for dolls, and too young for beaux."

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asks a prospective Benedict. Ask some other young lady who wants to be engaged to you.

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

The first essay at a female high school commencement, the other day, was entitled: "Wanted—A Man." The sweet girl graduate has begun her husband-hunting early.

A wise exchange says: "Only one woman in a thousand can whistle." This probably results from the fact that so long as a woman can talk she doesn't care to whistle.

Clothes-pins, highly polished and painted in any fanciful design, and tied with a bow of harmonizing ribbon, are odd fancies for napkin-holders. Truly we live in a realistic age.

There is one place in this country—away up in Maine—where the people are so polite that they never speak of unmarried ladies as old maids. They simply call them ladies-in-waiting.

"Out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers," says an exchange, "seven marry every year." How many times do the remaining 102 marry? Give us all the facts.

In Japan age is counted from the first day of January succeeding birth. At that date a child is a year old, whether born in the previous January or at midsummer, or on the 31st of December.

There are women who will spend lavishlishly for show, and screw down the wages of servants and workpeople to the lowest possible point, who will be affable and courteous in the parlor, and rude or unfeeling in the kitchen or nursery.

Patient—"Sir, you put me in a set of false teeth." Dentist—"I remember, madam." Patient—"You promised they would be just like natural teeth." Dentist—"No doubt." Patient—"But your false teeth give me a deal of pain." Dentist—"An exact imitation of nature."

A cyclone which passed through Carroll county, Ga., some time ago, so frightened a white woman whose property was destroyed by it, that she has since, by degrees, entirely lost her reason. She is generally quiet excepting during a high wind or a storm, which arouses her to a high pitch of excitement.

Elderly and refined spinster (who has been giving a lecture on the risks run by young ladies now-a-days in the pursuit of physical culture): "And only yesterday Ethel went rowing with a gentleman, and in some mysterious or bungling manner the boat was upset, and she wet both feet nearly up to her knees."

It appears almost incredible that in Paris no fewer than thirty thousand women make their living by manufacturing artificial flowers. The majority of them are said to be real artists, imitating nature almost to perfection, with exquisite taste and well-developed imagination. The rose, in the workshop of the flourists, is the masterpiece.

Bride—"I must have your advice, doctor. My husband gets the nightmare nearly every night, and frightens me almost to death." Doctor—"You have gone to housekeeping, I suppose?" Bride—"Yes; we got settled last week." Doctor—"And, I presume, as there are only two in the family, you attend to the housekeeping duties yourself?" Bride—"Yes." Doctor—"Well, hire some one else to do the cooking."

It is said that a young girl has just died in the asylum at Hamburg, who possessed the peculiar gift of changing the color of her hair according to the state of her mind. In "periods of sedateness" her hair was its natural dull color; when excited it became reddish, and her anger was indicated by a blonde color. Three days were generally required for the change to be completed, and her complexion also varied in the same periods and in the same direction.

Masculinities.

There are about 10,000 one-legged men in the United States.

In Patagonia they fine a man two goats for killing his wife.

Mr. Ernest Solicitor Wyldon Fortaine Lee Daniel Jackson Cook is a resident of Eastman, Georgia.

A bachelor carpenter in Binghamton, N. Y. has utilized some of his spare moments by making himself a coffin.

But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, oh, my son, what a hopeless fool you will be.

There are at present in the United States 114 medical schools, and there is one physician to every 565 inhabitants.

The richest bootblack in America is Mr. Patrick Malloy, of Saratoga, who owns two houses and has a fat bank account.

"An old gentleman of 70" was among the nineteen residents of Arlington, Ga., recently arrested for playing base-ball in the streets.

In addition to all his other impediments, the gilded British youth traveling in America now brings with him his instantaneous photographic apparatus.

"I received no education," Senator Nesmith, who died recently, had courage enough to write in his autobiographical sketch for the Congressional Directory.

Visitor: "Mercy me! What are those horrible sounds upstairs?" Lady of the house: "Oh, that is nothing but dear George! I suppose he has lost his collar-button again!"

A young man was released from the New York Penitentiary a few days ago, and six hours thereafter was again in the clutches of the law for committing an assault and battery.

The most popular, vivacious and feminine of the woman correspondents in New York weighs two hundred pounds, is a mighty consumer of beer, swears like a pirate, and doesn't shave himself once a month.

Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance—all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies—and the giant will often be left a pigmy.

The New York Elite Directory is advertised as containing the names of 30,000 families. So that, at the usual allowance of five for a family, the "elite" of New York number 150,000 persons, or an eighth of the population.

A young Bostonian, having run through the fortune of $300,000 left him by his father eight years ago in gambling and debauchery, has undertaken to "get it back" by investing half of a recent legacy of $35,000 in a saloon.

"My uncle was eight years on the Buffalo police force," was the answer of a would-be policeman at Rochester, N. Y., to the Examiner's question: "What experience, if any, have you had fitting you for the position you seek?"

Whittier, the poet, once lent a volume of Plato to one of the neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned, asked: "Well, friend, how did thee like my friend Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer. "I see he's got some of my ideas."

Railroad president: "Don't you think that rather exorbitant, Mr. Badger, $11,000 for the loss of your wife and her diamonds in the accident?" Mr. Badger (indignantly): "Exorbitant? Well, I should rather say not. I value the diamonds at $10,000 alone."

For a wager, a member of the New York Produce Exchange obtained in two hours, on a recent Saturday, fifty signatures of prominent dealers to a petition asking Queen Victoria to declare war on Russia, for the benefit of American grain-growers and speculators.

In New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, is a movement for the reduction of prices of admission to amusements. There is a prospect that the time will come when the young clerk may take his girl to the theatre without the sacrifice of a whole week's salary.

"What's that you have in your hand?" asked Mrs. Gimlet of her husband, as he brought home a roll of manuscript. "Brains, madam," replied Mr. Gimlet, pompously. "Are you surprised at that fact?" "Not in the least," she replied. "I knew you didn't carry them in your head."

"Above all, sir," said a worldly father to his son, who was about to enter society, "avoid flirtations; but if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer." "Why?" he asked. "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted, and cut you out before any harm has been done."

When a chief dies in Sitka his wives pass to his next heir, and, unless these relicts purchase their freedom with blankets, they are united to their grandson or nephew, as a matter of course. High strung young Siwashes sometimes scorn these legacies, and then there is war, all the widows resenting such an outrage of decency and long established etiquette.

The man who wants to know whether you are going away this summer, and if not, why not, is getting in his work. If you express any doubt about it, he thinks it very suspicious, and is certain something must be wrong with your finances. If you say you are going, then he wonders to himself where you got the money to go on. He hates you if you go, and he despises you if you stay. He had hoped you couldn't afford it in the one case, and in the other has a contempt for you if you can't.

Prevailing styles at Heppner, Oregon, are thus discussed by the leading paper of that place: In the Heppner Hills this season the recherche thing in overalls is to have the pocket corners braided in lieu of the copper rivets that were en regal last season. They are worn either stuffed into the boots or outside. An elite thing in watchchains is a wide buckskin strap worn dangling from the pocket and ornamented with a stud-horse poker chip. It also works for a ranch razor strap. An esthetic rustic substitute for a button is a shingle-nail or a piece of sharpened stick poked through a gallus-hole. This style is popular on some ranches, but it is a bad thing to fall down on.

The Two Hectors.

BY HENRY PRITH.

I SHOULD like to describe my hero a young and gallant cavalier of this nineteenth century, with the beauty of an Apollo and the wisdom of a sage; but truth compels me to acknowledge that Hector Bonham, in spite of his fine heathen appellation, was neither one nor the other.

His nephew and namesake, who was called in the bosom of his family Hector the Second, said that his Uncle Hector was a "crusty old bachlor," and I hammer my brains in vain for a more fitting description.

A crusty old bachelor he undoubtedly was, more than fifty years of age, with grizzled hair, heavy gray eyebrows, a thick gray beard, and a rough voice and manner.

It is very true that he was always careful to keep the crustiest side of his nature on the surface, and had been discovered in the act of committing secretly deeds of charity and kindness that belied utterly his habitual tone and abrupt manner.

Twenty years before, when the gray hair was nut-brown, and clustered in rich curls over the broad, white forehead, when the brown eyes shone with the fire of ambition, the clear voice was true and tender.

Hector Bonham had given his whole loyal heart to Katie Carroll, neighbor and friend, and little sweetheart from childhood.

Urged by love as well as ambition, he had left his home in a small town, and gone to Manchester, to win a name and a fortune to lay at Katie's feet.

The fortune and fame as a successful merchant came to him; but when he returned to Katie, he found she had left her home also, to become the bride of a wealthy corn-merchant in Wales.

Nobody told Hector of treachery to the pretty Katie, of letters suppressed, of slanders circulated, and parental authority stretched to its utmost in the favor of the wealthier suitor.

He had no record of the slow despair that crept over the loving heart when the pleading letters were unanswered; of the dull apathy that yielded at last, and gave away the hand of the young girl when her heart seemed broken.

All that the young, ardent lover knew was the one bitter fact that the girl he loved faithfully and fondly was false to her promise, the wife of another.

He spoke no word of bitterness, but returned to the home he had fitted up for his bride, the business he had hoped was his stepping-stone to happiness, and a life of loneliness.

Ten years later, when his sister, with her son and daughter, came to live in Manchester for educational advantages, Hector the First was certainly what his saucy nephew called him a crusty old bachelor.

Yet into that sore, disappointed heart Katie's desertion had so wounded, the bachelor uncle took with warm love and great indulgence his nephew and niece, bright, handsome children of ten and twelve, who, child-like, imposed upon his good-nature, riot ed over his quiet, orderly house till Mrs. Jones, his maid housekeeper, declared they were worse than a pair of monkeys, caressed him stormily one moment, and pouted over some refusal for a monstrous indulgence the next, and treated him generally as bachelor uncles must expect to be treated by their sisters' children.

There was some talk when Mrs. Kimberly first came to Manchester of making one household of the family; but the idea was abondoned, and the wealthy widow selected a residence three doors off in the same street.

"Hector was so set in his fidgety old bachelor ways," she said, "that it would be positive cruelty to disturb him."

Probably young Hector and Ethel did not consider their bright young faces disturbers of their uncle's tranquillity; but it is quite certain that out of school hours, No. 49, their uncle's house, saw them quite as frequently as No. 43, where their mother resided.

With the intuitive perception of children, they understood that the abrupt, often harsh voice, the surly words, and the undemonstrative manner covered a heart that would have made any sacrifice for their sakes, that loved them with as true a love as their own dead father could have given them.

As they outgrew childhood, evidences of affection ceased to take the form of dolls and drums, and cropped up in Christmas checks, in ball dresses and bouquets, a saddle-horse, and various other delightful and acceptable shapes, till Hector came of age, when he was taken from college into his uncle's counting-house, and a closer intimacy than ever was cemented between the young life and the one treading the downward path to old age.

There had been a family gathering at Mrs. Kimberly's one evening late in the month of March, and a conversation had arisen upon the traditional customs and tricks of the first of April.

"Senseless absurd tricks!" Hector Bonham had called them, in his abrupt, rough way. "Fit only to amuse children or idiots!"

"Oh, pshaw, Uncle Hector!" Ethel said, saucily; "you played April-fool tricks, too, when you were young!"

"Never! Never could see any wit or sense in them. And, what's more, Miss Ethel, I was never once caught by any of the shallow deceits."

"Never made an April fool?"

"Never, and never will be!" was the reply. "There, child, go play me that last nocturne you learned. I hate sky-rocket music; but that is a dreamy, lazy air, and I like it."

"The idea of your liking anything dreamy or lazy!" said Mrs. Kimberly. "I thought you were all energy and activity."

"When I work, I work!" was the reply; "but when I want to rest I rest!"

"Uncle Hector," broke in Hector, suddenly, "what will you bet I can't fool you next week?"

"Bah! the idea of getting to my age to be fooled by a boy like you!"

"Then you defy me?"

"Of course, I do."

"I'll do it. Keep your eyes open."

"Forewarned is forearmed. But, come: stop chatting. I want my music."

Pretty, saucy, mirth-loving Ethel, with dancing black eyes and brilliant smile, did not look like a very promising interpreter of "dreamy, lazy music;" but once her hands touched the keys of the grand pianoforte, the girl's whole nature seemed to merge into the sounds she created.

Merry music made dancing-elves of her fingers, as they flew over the notes; dreamy music drew a mask of hushed beauty over her face; and her great black eyes would dilate, and seem to see far-away beauties as the room filled with the sweet, low cadences.

She would look like an inspired Joan of Arc when grand chords rolled out under her hands in majestic measures, and sacred music transformed her beauty into something saintly.

Once the rosewood case was closed, St. Cecilia became pretty, winsome Ethel Kimberley again.

There were few influences that could soften the outer crust of manner in Hector Bonham; but he would hide his face away when Ethel played, ashamed himself of tears that started, or smiles that hovered on his lips, as the music pierced down, down into that warm, loving heart he had tried to conceal with cynical words and looks.

So, when the final chords of the nocturne melted softly into silence, the old bachelor stole away and left the house, bidding no one farewell.

They were accustomed to his singular ways, and no one followed him; but Mrs. Kimberly sighed, as she said, "Hector gets odder and crustier every year."

"But he is so good," Ethel said, leaving her piano-stool with a twirl that kept it spinning round giddily.

"Why don't he get married?" said Hector, "It is a downright shame to have that splendid house shut up year after year, excepting just the few rooms Uncle Hector and Mrs. Jones occupy."

"I mean to ask him," Ethel said, impulsively.

"No, no," said Mrs. Kimberley, hastily, "never speak of that to your uncle, Ethel—never!"

"But why not?"

"I never told you before, but your uncle was engaged years ago, and there was some trouble. I never understood about it exactly, for I was married, and left Wilton the same year that Hector came to Manchester. But this I do know: the lady, after waiting three or four years, married, and Hector has never been the man since. I am quite sure he was very much attached to her, and that you would wound him, Ethel, if you jested about marriage."

"But I don't mean to jest at all. I think he would be ever so much happier if he had someone to love, and someone to love him in return. It must be dreadfully lonesome in that large house, with no companion but Mrs. Jones, who is one hundred years old, I am certain."

"He ought to marry her," said Hector. "She always calls him 'dearie.'"

"Don't, children, jest about it any more," said their mother; "and be sure you never mention the subject to your uncle."

The first of April was a clear, rather cold day, the sky all treacherous smiles, as became the coquetish month of sunshine and showers.

Uncle Hector, finishing his lonely breakfast, thought to himself, "I must be on the lookout to-day for Hector's promised trick. He won't find it so easy as he imagines to fool his old uncle. Who's there?"

The last two words in answer to a somewhat timid knock upon the door.

It was certainly not easy to astonish Hector Bonham; but his eyes opened with a most unmistakable expression of amazement as the door opened to admit a tall slender figure in deep morning, and a low, very sweet voice asked—

"Is this the landlord?"

"The—the what?"

"I called about the house, sir."

"What house? Take a seat," suddenly recalling his politeness.

"Is this No. 49?"

"Certainly it is."

"I have been looking out for some time for a furnished house suitable for boarders, sir; and if I find this one suits me, and the rent is not too high——"

"But——" interrupted the astonished bachelor.

"Oh, I hope it is not taken. The advertisement said to call between eight and nine, and it struck eight as I stood upon the door step."

"Oh, the advertisement? So, so, Master Hector; this is your doings, is it? Will you let me see the advertisement, madam?"

"You have the paper in your hand, sir," she said, timidly. "I did not cut it out."

"Oh, you saw it in the paper?"

And he turned to the list of houses to let. Sure enough, there it was.

"The rascal!" thought Hector Bonham, laying aside the paper.

"I am sorry, madam," he said, "that you have had the trouble of calling upon a useless errand."

"Then it is taken?" said a very disappointed voice; and the heavy crape veil was lifted, to show a sweet matronly face, framed in that saddest of all badges, a widow's cap.

"Well, no," said the perplexed bachelor; "it is not exactly taken."

"Perhaps you object to boarders?"

"You want to take boarders?" he answered, thinking how lady-like and gentle she looked, and wondering if she had been long a widow.

"Yes, sir; but I would be very careful about the references."

"Have you ever kept boarders before?"

"No, sir. Since my husband died, six years ago—he failed in business, and brought on a severe illness by mental anxiety—my daughter and myself have been sewing."

Quite unconscious of the reason, Hector Bonham was finding it very pleasant to talk to the gentle little widow about her plans, and, as she spoke, was wondering if it would not make an agreable variety in his lonely life to let her make her experiment of keeping a boarding-school upon the premises.

Seeing his hesitation, she said, earnestly, "I think you will be satisfied with my references, sir. I have lived in one house, and had work from one firm, for six years, and, if you require it, I can obtain letters from my husband's friends in Wales."

"Wales?"

"He was quite well known there. Perhaps you knew of him—John Murray, of Denbigh?"

"John Murray?"

Hector Bonham looked searchingly into the pale, sad face that was so pleadingly raised to his gaze.

Where were the rosy cheeks, the dancing eyes, the laughing lips, that he had pictured as belonging to John Murray's wife?

Knowing now the truth, he recognized the face before him, the youth all gone, and the expression sanctified by sorrow.

"You have children?" he said, after a long silence.

"Only one living—a daughter, seventeen years old. I have buried all the others."

"I will let you have the house, on one condition," he said, his lip trembling a little as he spoke.

She did not answer. In the softened eyes looking into her own, in the voice suddenly modulated to a tender sweetness, some memory was awakened, and she only listened with bated breath and dilating eyes.

"On one condition, Katie," he said,—"that you come to it as my wife and its mistress. I have waited for you twenty years, Katie!"

It was hard to believe, even then, though the little widow let him caress her, and sobbed upon his breast. This gray-haired, middle-aged man was so unlike the Hector she had believed false.

Even after the whole past was discussed, and he knew how he had been wronged, but not by Katie, it was hard to believe there might not be years of happiness still in store for them.

Hector Bonham did not "put in an appearance" at his counting-house all day, and Hector the Second went home to his dinner in rather an uneasy frame of mind regarding that April-fool trick of his.

"I must run over and see if I have offended beyond all hope of pardon," he said, as he rose from the table.

But a gruff voice behind him arrested his steps.

"So, so! you have advertised my house to let!" said his uncle; but spite of his efforts, he failed to look very angry.

"How many old maids and widows applied?" inquired the daring young scapegrace.

"I don't know. After the first application, Mrs. Jones told the others the house was taken."

"Taken!"

To this day, Uncle Hector will not acknowledge that he got the worst of the joke.

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodation for the night. At supper and after it, "mine host" scowled at everyone, found fault with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear complexioned, bright-eyed animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend, when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now ——" "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

INDIGESTION

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

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Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

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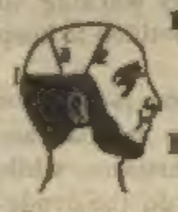

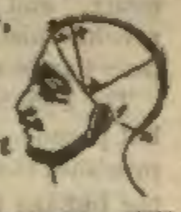

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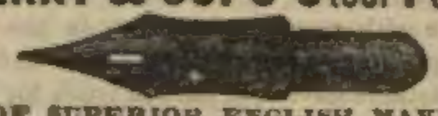

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70 New Scrap Pictures and 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. Sample Book 5c. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

THE FAST COUPLE.

TEN years ago I met her at Brighton. She was engaged to a fast young man, who had just come into possession of a handsome fortune; and the way in which they astonished even some of the faster kind of Brighton *fast* young men and women was amusing enough. The young lady could swim, play at billiards, and drive a pair of spirited ponies with the ease and nonchalance of a man about town, or a well-skilled Jehu.

The young man was evidently proud of the notice she attracted, and humored her to the fullest extent in her wild whims and extravagant conduct. A few months later, and they were married. The wedding was one of those brilliant affairs, the details of which get into the newspapers, and form the theme of a nine days' gossip in fashionable circles.

But the fast young lady did not make an amiable, loving, devoted companion. Far from it. She was now a fast young wife, and led her husband into all manner of extravagances. They were not many years in sounding the depth of the fortune which neither of them was wise enough to enjoy; it melted away like snow-wreaths in the sunshine; and with a suddenness that stunned them, they fell from their dazzling pinnacle into the shadowed vale of poverty.

It was now that the fast young wife's quality was proved. A weak, vain lover of the world and its false glitter she could not live in humble, domestic, useful retirement. No, no. And so, when the tempter knocked at her lowly window, she arose and went out to him leaving her deluded husband to walk his thorny path in life alone.

Five years ago I saw her on the stage. Evil passions had changed her fearfully. Something of the old dash and brilliancy remained; but it was plain that the fires which had burnt so fiercely for years were consuming her. Two years later, and the sad drama of her life closed. She sleeps, now, the fearful sleep of death. Yet her grave is without a monument or a flower; and no heart makes to it a loving pilgrimage.

So much for the fast young lady. If her course was dazzling and brilliant, like the meteor's, it was quite as brief, and went out suduenly in eternal darkness. In the flush of her beauty she had hosts of friends and admirers, but no true lovers. In the sad waning of life, there were none so poor or humble as to do her reverence; for she possessed no good qualities—those real things which are recognised by all as of sterling value. There was no pure affection, no sense of honor, no unselfish regard for others—but only weak, mean self-love, and unbridled passion; and these, which are despised by all, had ruined all.

MIDDLE AGE FEASTS. The more we study the history of the Middle ages, the more we are struck by the immense amount of eating then indulged in; not artistic, epicurean eating either, but a brutal consumption of gross viands. One of the grandest, most famous banquets mentioned in Italian history was given in the Palazzo at Milano, on the 15th of June 1368, on the occasion of the marriage of Lionel Plantagenet, son of Edward III of England, to Violante daughter of Galeazzo II and of Blanche of Savoy, his wife.

The intervals between the courses, which in this instance were eighteen in number, were very long, and each interval was filled up by amusements of various kinds. Usually jesters and buffoons were introduced, but at this grand wedding no vulgar fun was admissible, and the old chronicle which records the various courses adds that each course was followed by its appropriate diversion. Thus, after the two stewed sows and two roast sturgeons, a procession of pages filed through the banquet hall, leading superb hunting dogs ornamented with velvet collars, to which were attached copper chains and silken lashes.

Spoons and forks were noticeable by their absence, the jewelled fingers of the guests shone with grease and were scented with garlic as they plunged their hands into the dishes, tore the viands apart and tossed the fragments which remained under the table. It was not in vain that the scalchi, or carvers, continually went about the tables bearing bowls of "odoriferous waters and huge napkins." The use of the individual napkin, by-the-bye, was then unknown, nor were people in the least fastidious as to soiling their hands. Monsignor Della Casa, in his famous "Galatea," earnestly recommends the lords and ladies of his time not to "grease their hands too much when eating." "To put the whole hand in the dish is quite unnecessary," he adds, naively.

On the other hand, the Reverend San Pier Damiano inveighed against the use of the fork, declaring it to be a "diabolical piece of luxury;" and he severely censured the Dogaressa Teodaro Selvo for extravagance and self-indulgence, because, in order to avoid soiling her fingers, she used a golden fork.

REMARKABLE CATS.—A London paper makes mention of a cat which would recognize his master's foot-steps after a three months' absence, and come out to meet him in the hall, with tail erect, and purring all over as if to the very verge of bursting. Another one comes up every morning between six and seven o'clock to wake his master, sits on the bed, and very gently feels first one eyelid and then the other with his paw. When an eye opens, but not till then, the cat sets up a loud purr, like the prayer of a fire-worshipper to the rising sun.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Devil's Portrait," is the somewhat odd title of a translation from the Italian of Barrili, by Evelyn Wodehouse. The story turns upon artist life in Arezzo three centuries ago. The plot has much of love and mystery in it and the characters are full of the picturesque romance associated with the painters of those days. The various threads of the story centre in the strange painting of the face of Lucifer on a church ceiling, which gives the work its title. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

St. Nicholas for July has very properly a decidedly patriotic flavor. The table of contents is very large and varied, and includes a sketch by Edw. Eggleston entitled A School of Long Ago; Washington's First Correspondence; Among the Law-makers; The Liberty Bell, a stirring poem by E. S. Brooks; A School Afloat, showing how patriotic American boys are made into practical American sailors; The Children of the Cold, by Lieut. Schwatka; Historic Girls, giving a sketch of Clotilda of Burgundy; the Girl of the French Vineyards. Mozart is the subject of this month's From Bach to Wagner, biographette. The serials are continued, and there are a number of bright short stories. The illustrations are many and good, including a frontispiece, The Pet Fawn, by Mary Hallock Foote. The Century Co., New York.

The *Century* for July continues its war papers, which have an especial attraction for a certain class of readers. In this number we have, McClellan's Change of Base, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Rear Guard Fighting at Savage's Station, by Gen. W. B. Franklin; and The Seven Days' Fighting About Richmond, by Gen. James Longstreet—all profusely illustrated. Other illustrated papers are: George Eliot's County, by Miss Rose C. Kingsley; Social Life in the Colonies, by Dr. Edward Eggleston; an account of the explorations of the late Frank Hatton in North Borneo, by his father, Joseph Hatton, and sketches of Henry Clay and Mistral, the Provencal Poet, by George Bancroft and Alphonse Daudet, respectively. Of timely importance is the Indo-Afghan paper, The Gate of India, by W. L. Fawcett. The serials of Mr. Howells and Henry James are continued, and there are short stories by Frank R. Stockton and T. A. Janvier. Several poems and the usual well-filled and entertaining departments complete a remarkably good number of this excellent and thoroughly American magazine. The Century Co., New York.

It is common to speak of every new paper as coming to fill a 'long-felt want,' but this may be spoken with literal truth of *Babyhood*, a magazine devoted exclusively to the care of young children. No. 8 for July, is, if possible, better than any of the preceding numbers. Published at 18 Spruce St., New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for July is well provided for both in reading matter and illustrations. Among the articles are: The Art of Acting, by Henry Irving; The Pilgrimage of the Thames, splendidly illustrated; In the Lion's Den; In the New Forest, with a large number of fine illustrations; The Sirens Three, continuation: A Family Affair, serial by Hugh Conway, etc., etc. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Every lover of the flower-garden should have *Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine*. As an authority on all about flowers, there is no better publication extant. The July number is most excellent. Published by James Vick, Rochester, New York.

KEEPING A COW.—"I can remember," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between the Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one could ever appreciate the suffering I endured at that time. The first night she broke through the fence and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next-door neighbor. She put her horns through my bath tub and ate up my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but seemed to be short just then, and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen, upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out, at the cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping-cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach-trees and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a single-tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left."

A highly patriotic citizen of Vacaville, Cal., who detests the heathen Chinese, recently refused to sell a native of the Celestial Empire a lot for $1000, but sold it to an esteemed Yankee friend for $500. With an eye to business the esteemed Yankee sold it to the heathen and pocketed a profit of $500, and the patriotic citizen now has a "Chinese washee" sign floating next door.

SAFE, swift, and sure to regulate the bowels, are Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Recommended by eminent physicians.

Humorous.

A gold pen—A coin vault.

The United States—Marriage.

The fortune of war—Prize money.

Weather report—A clap of thunder.

The silent watches of the night—Those not wound up.

A man that is hung is generally a high-strung individual.

Times changes all things, except a counterfeit ten-dollar bill.

Coal is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.

A Chicago policeman has the smallpox, and everbody is wondering how he caught it.

The extreme depth of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud-puddle.

The next thing to a funeral procession is to walk behind a love-sick couple going home from a party.

"If I cannot have the fat of the land, I can take a little lean," said a tramp, as he rested his shoulder against a lamp-post.

The small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau, should be punished for contempt of court.

A railway-station would seem to be the best place for marriage or divorce, for they are used to coupling and uncoupling there.

What is the difference between a dog gnawing a bone and a man purloining a pick-axe? One is picking a bone, and the other is boning a pick.

Georgie: "Do you know, Ethel, old Stokes had a perplexity fit the other day?" Ethel: "A perplexity fit?" "Yes." "Oh, no, you mean a parallel fit."

To be a yachtsman one must own a white flannel suit, some brass buttons, a white cap with gold braid, and an idea that he owns the earth. It is not necessary to own a yacht.

A Liberal Offer.

The finest Fashion Quarterly in the country, comprehending reliable information concerning styles, fabrics and fancies in current vogue, hints to home decorators, together with samples of dress goods, system of measurement, price list, circular of latest styles, references and other data, will be forwarded for one year on receipt of FIFTY CENTS (50c.) to cover mailing expenses. Send orders to "MANAGER," Press Exchange, P. O. Box 233, New York City; or, 74 Kearney St., Newark, N. J. Circulars and correspondence without charge.

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Toothache	Inflammation,
Congestions,	Asthma,
Influenza,	Sore Throat,
Difficult Breathing.	

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
Dysentery, Diarrhœa,

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

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After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to made its impression on the system.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The new materials for summer toilettes are so fresh-looking, so pretty, and so appropriate to the season for which they are intended, that there is little danger of our countrywomen appearing less charming than is natural to them, if only they will avoid the one danger of the present modes—exaggeration of the tournure. If we follow the fashions of Paris, if we adopt the elegant novelties in fabric and design, there is no reason for adopting exaggerated outlines which are not worn by high-class ladies, but only by those who endeavor, by every possible means, to attract attention. Tournures are worn, but these tournures are well shaped, and are not crinolines; they do not cause the dress to sway, nor do they impart a vulgar swing to the whole costume.

In a properly shaped tournure a lady can seat herself with grace and ease, and her dress appears well supported, but not thrown out away from her person. In short, the fulness appears to be due to the soft, voluminous draperies of her dress, and not to arrive from fictitious aid. But a lady's tact and taste will always tell her what may, and what may not, be worn, and she will not easily be led by the thoughtless majority, nor will she adopt modes which are less suitable for herself than for her daughter.

The present style of bonnet is exceedingly high, and often unbecoming to those possessing very small features, for a tiny face surmounted by an "edifice" as high as the little face is long, presents no harmonious effect; but this danger is less to be dreaded than exaggerated outlines of the jupon.

Bonnets of English straw are exceedingly pretty in fine colored plait, which should harmonise with the prevailing color of the dress; lace and tulle bonnets, of every color worn, are also very much used.

A very pretty moss-green tulle bonnet is drawn over a fine series of gold wires, which constitute the bonnet shape. An aigrette of fine gold grass drops, mingled with red "quaking grass," completes the bonnet, which has no strings, and is fastened to the hair by a golden grasshopper pin. Floral adornments, are, however, more in vogue than objects selected from natural history, or from an entomological collection. These sprays, bouquets, and bunches of flowers, for so they must be called, are usually supported by a bow of rather wide ribbon, contrasting with or recalling the hue of the chapeau; for elderly and for middle-aged ladies lace bonnets are much in favor; these usually have strings of ribbon, the net, gauze, and more ribbons being preferred to the endless variety of tulle. Canvas ribbon is also used for these strings, but the canvas is golden, and the central stripe of delicate moire in another shade of gold.

Some charming chapeaux of colored lace are to be seen, and many Oriental lace bonnets. These Oriental lace combine the cashmere shawl colors with gold, steel, shot and silver. They are very rich and effective, and suit tall, handsome women; for cool days, with an Indian shawl as a wrap, they form a striking ensemble in a well-appointed carriage, and will doubtless reappear in the autumn. White tulle bonnets are again to be seen drawn over colored silk wire shapes, and are shadowed by sprays of flowers.

Hats, as well as bonnets, are trimmed with Oriental colors, and the pointed bows known as "le noud Midas" are used for the hats and bonnets of young ladies, both single and married. The Midas bow will be still more used when the travelling season arrives, as it can be replaced in a moment, and either bonnet or hat renewed and freshened instantaneously. The bow is made of Oriental colored ribbon, woven expressly for this purpose of etamine. Gold is, of course, largely introduced in the colored stripe, but the ribbon can be procured in colored stripes only without the introduction of any metal.

Dress materials are chiefly of canvas, etamine, and bourrettes of various kinds. Voiles are less seen, but this useful, pretty fabric is replaced by the very light and beautiful mousseline de laine, both plain and printed, and by the still newer *voile de mousseline*. Limousines, and striped silks with gauze, both silken and woollen, but always striped, are among our summer fabrics for dresses and costumes.

Faille chinoise is the newest silk, and is as soft as Indian silk, and as rich looking as sicilienne: it is the silk, *par excellence*, of the day. Satin broche gauzes, and silk embroidered muslins, are also used for bridesmaids' dresses, and the still fashionable lace costumes continue, and are likely to remain in great favor.

Very lovely costumes of lens de Chantilly in the new green, *vert d'Irlande*, as well as in the fashionable tints of grenouille, terre bise, and biscuit, are made for bridesmaids, the costumes being finished by gauze-ribbon and gauze-sashes.

Spanish lace is less worn, Chantilly and the leze laces, and leze embroideries taking its place. But good Spanish lace will always look well, and, for married ladies, looks admirably when looped with black moire sashes and ribbons, or adorned with the pretty jet pendants which are so effective. For summer wear the entire front or tablier or jet becomes too heavy, but the jet pendants add but little to the height of the lace, and much to its effective appearance. Iridescent pendants should be used for cream or colored Spanish lace toilettes, and will much improve a costume of last season.

Very pretty beaded Figaro corsages, jackets, and fronts can be procured for wearing over short silk dresses, which also look well when covered with etamine or embroidery. A shot silk alone, and untrimmed with embroidery, bears last year's date too strongly to be allowed to pass muster this season, but it can be utilized by covering it partially with the beautifully clear embroideries, or lese de broderie.

Etamine, and all clear open-work canvas dresses, require lining, and for these, shot silk is very effective. Self color beneath etamine is, however, more youthful looking, and, therefore, should be employed for young girls. Colored mousseline de laine, or colored voile, can also be used as a lining for young girls and children's toilettes with good effect, and with decided economy.

A pretty toilette for a young lady of eighteen is the following: A round skirt of cream-colored etamine, woven in stripes of alternate plain and brocbe insertion, lined with red adrianople, the bodice pleated in six pleats both back and front, terminating in short curved basques in front, while gathered at the back and sewn down to a band of folded moire ribbon of the same deep red, with a very large bow, the loops and ends of which completely cover the back of the skirt. Very high princess collar of red moire, covered with etamine insertion, and coat sleeve to match. The hat worn with this costume should be of Chine fancy straw; the brim lined with etamine over red, and adorned with fine gold braiding following the lace-like pattern of the etamine. The outside of the hat trimmed with loops of etamine stiffened with gold braid, and an aigrette of field flowers, including red poppies in the bud.

All the summer fabrics are woven in very loose and open style, so that without being exactly canvas they are all, more or less of that nature. The old make of grenadine has completely given place to the more novel canvas weaving, although the word grenadine is still employed.

Round, or housemaids' skirts, as they are called in England, are used for very young girls only, but may still be worn under some basque drapery with a polonaise. This being a last year's model, we cannot recommend it for making up the new materials, although striped etamine looks exceedingly well arranged in this style over color, and especially if the colored skirt has a fouillis of narrow flounces at the edge, yet it is the color which catches the eye, and relieves the toilette of monotony.

Among other models we observed one which is admirably adapted for a reception toilette, and yet is by no means extravagant in its details. A skirt of colored moire is almost entirely covered by an etamine tunic, except at the back, where a little to the right a panel of moire forms a rich deep pleat; the etamine of the tunic being cut on the cross the stripes naturally take a bias line, thus relieving the costume of monotony. The tunic is edged with a narrow fringe of Spanish balls of the two colors of the moire and etamine. The bodice is of moire covered with etamine; the basques of the corsage, as well as the narrow and pointed moire plastrons, are edged by the same ball fringe.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT BAGS.

It has been somewhat the fashion lately to have a stall at a bazaar entirely devoted to the sale of one particular class of article; and when this is the case, it is really wonderful what an immense variety can be accumulated, and what large sales take place; so many novelties being thus brought into notice. A most attractive stall of this kind is one given wholly to the display of these reticules and bags, which just at present are rapidly making their way into general use and favor. All the time that the long cloaks and pelisses are worn, which cover the dress and render the power of reaching the pocket an impossibility, ladies will require the services of a dainty little bag in which the handkerchief, purse, etc., may be carried. This necessity will be felt all the more as next springcomes on, and the handy muffs with their convenient pockets have to be discarded.

For bazaars, the manufacture of these reticules is a particularly satisfactory work, as such a good effect may be gained at the expense of very little time, money, or trouble. Plush will, no doubt, be the favorite material for them, but happy are those who possess a store of pieces of old brocade to be turned to account in this way.

I will endeavor to describe some of the most popular shapes as clearly as is possible in writing. The mere reading of these directions will, no doubt, sound like a series of problems in Euclid, but if the work is proceeded with at the same time, my meaning will be made clear.

The favorite, and perhaps the most simple shape, is an oblong. The plush should be in two pieces, each measuring twelve inches in length by eighth inches in width. A lining of silk should be cut exactly of the same dimensions, and this should be sewn up with the plush in the same way as that in which good dressmakers and tailors put in the lining of the sleeves of a dress or coat—that is, with all the seams inside. I will try to explain this as plainly as I can. In stitching the bag together, the two pieces of silk should rest together, and the two pieces of plush, being four folds of material altogether. In this way they they should be sewn neatly and evenly round all the three sides, leaving the top free, and when this is done one piece of silk should be turned over completely, so that the folds of plush are in the middle and a piece of silk at each side of them. The whole bag should then be turned inside out, and it will be found that the inside of it is fully as neat as the outside, all the seams and raw edges being snugly tucked away between the lining and the plush. Another way of lining these bags is to make a plush bag and a silk bag, to lay the silk one inside the plush, and to put a stitch here and there to keep it in place, but this manner of proceeding is neither so business-like nor as satisfactory as the first. The next thing to be attended to is the hem for the top. For this, two inches must be turned over at the top inside, and a band of ribbon about an inch wide, sewn round it to form a runner for the strings of the bag. These strings should match the rest of the bag in color, and should be double ones.

A small buttonhole should be worked in the plush outside the runner at each side of the bag, and the two strings run in; the ends of one being left out of one buttonhole, and the ends of the other one being brought out of the opposite one. These two pairs of ends must be neatly joined, and either the seam drawn round so that it is inside the running, or finished off with small tassels or chenille pompons. The loops should be long enough to allow of their passing easily over the arm; and care should be taken to have the runner amply wide, so that the strings will work to and fro easily. If the bag is to be particularly ornamental, the top corner may be left free from the seam and turned over, thus affording space for a delicate little piece of embroidery or painting. If this is not desired, the bag itself may be embroidered or left plain altogether. The general principle is the same in making all these reticules, although considerable variety may be made in the details. The shape—for instance, instead of being oblong, they may be made larger and square.

Another pretty shape is square at the top and round at the bottom. If the lower end is square, a handsome fringe of beads may be used as a finish, or lace, or pompons. Again, the seams may be all followed with a cord, tassels finishing them off at the corners. They also look very handsome made of bright cardinal satin, the lower edge being ornamented with a piece of macrame lace; the fringe at the end of the lace forming a very pretty finish. Another very pretty style of bag is made by taking a straight piece of plush about twelve inches deep, and cutting the bottom edges of it into four large and long vandykes. These points must be sewn together so as to form the bottom of the bag into a point, which should be fastened off with a tassel. The top part of the bag should be made as before described, and if the seams made by joining the vandykes have at all an unsightly appearance, they should be outlined with a fine cord to hide them. Made in handsome materials, the bags made in the style of the long netted silk purses are very convenient; while made of holland or gay satteen, they are useful about a house for holding odds and ends of all kinds.

The ornamental ones should measure twelve inches in length and nine inches in width, but for the serviceable ones, one yard in length and half a yard in width, will not be too much. For these, the slit in the centre should measure about fourteen inches, but for the smaller ones, the slit should be about four inches in length. They should be kept closed by two large rings; gilt rings are the best for the small bags, and ivory ones for the larger sizes. There are various ways of finishing off the ends—one is to gather them up and fasten off with a cluster of ribbon or tassel; another way is to gather one end only in this way, and to join the other square, finished off with a deep fall of twine, lace, or fringe. This end also affords good space for embroidery, either for convenient flowers or initials of the owner interlaced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Camels sometimes live to be 100 years old. This is unquestionably because they drink so seldom. We give this as a pointer to the temperance reformers.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. E. M.—Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city. The book can be had quite cheap.

O. A.—Shad are planked by being fastened to an oak plank by means of wires and held before a fire until cooked. The plank is first heated and buttered, and the fish is buttered and seasoned while the roasting is going on.

IDALIA.—Love is neither "a disease of the mind" nor "mad passion," unless the person loving, or professing to love, be either a lunatic or an uncontrolled brute. Love is natural affection, to be without which is to be worthy of condemnation.

W. J. D.—All cigarettes are bad, though some may be worse than others. The tobacco is so finely shredded and burns so rapidly, being close to the mouth—even though a holder be used—that all the harm that can be got out of the "weed" is secured to the smoker. Smoke pipes or cigars, not cigarettes.

F. G.—Rattle-snakes have two hinged teeth, or fangs, which they project outward in attack which action frees a poisonous liquid contained in small sacks at the root of the teeth. The bite of common water, garter and milk snakes is not poisonous, and black snakes do not bite, but squeeze the life from their prey, as does the anaconda.

JOHN.—Certainly it is all "all nonsense," about the blood flowing through a particular artery at twelve o'clock at night, if you happen to be asleep. No doubt the story has been composed to induce adoption of the excellent habit of going to bed early. It is like that other story about "beauty-sleep." We can forgive the audacity of the invention for the sake of its purpose.

OLILIA.—Your father has good cause to be offended at your lover's sneers at the "slavery of wedlock." A man who is capable of using such a phrase seriously must naturally be an object of distrust to every parent's heart. Such conduct should not be tolerated by any virtuous person, inasmuch as it is impossible to over-estimate, either on public or private grounds, the importance of the sanctity of the married state.

ETIQUETTE.—It would not be any breach of etiquette for a young widow to invite a gentleman to a small party at her house, although she only knew him slightly, and he happened to be a bachelor of about the same age as herself. Of course, we are assuming that other matrons, older than the young widow, would be present, making it an altogether different case to inviting the gentleman as solitary guest, which would be a breach of etiquette.

H. B. D.—Why do you not put your good resolutions into immediate practice? If you fix upon any future time at which to begin your reformation, your good resolutions will always be apt to fail you; the present—the immediate present is the time to begin. To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if you should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another until you should be starved and destroyed.

B. R.—We are quite prepared to admit that civilization is not an unqualified blessing. Like everything else, it has its drawbacks. One of the most obvious and indisputable of its advantages however is precisely that which you seem to overlook—namely, the multiplication of handicrafts. It would be impossible to provide employment for a large population without that subdivision of labor which is the result of refinement and luxury. Think for a moment how many persons who would otherwise be idle are provided with work by the needs of a diversified and art and ease loving people!

DELTA.—You cannot do better than "improve" yourself in drawing by attending a good school of art, if there is one in your district. You would there have "copies" at first, but would soon be set to draw from casts or nature, and could then follow up any particular branch you chose. If, however, you have no chance of taking lessons, you may do much by carefully and lovingly studying Nature in her many aspects, and trying to interpret them. The most commonplace leaf or spray, if conscientiously copied, will help you to develop your talent far more than desultory or imaginary sketching.

STUDENT.—There is great diversity of opinion among the literary magnates as to the best method of training one'self in literary composition. Dr. Johnson advised young men to accustom themselves to write quickly, without regard to errors, and then to correct mistakes afterwards. Others advise young writers to aim at precision in their first draft of a sentence, paragraph, or article, no matter how slowly they may at first be obliged to write in order to attain it, inasmuch as rapidity of thought and composition will come with practice. The first of these methods may be best for some people, and the second mode may be best for others; but on the whole, we think that Dr. Johnson's advice would be the best for the majority of young writers to follow.

DORKS.—You may well complain of the adulteration to which bread is subjected, and which is carried on to an incredible extent; but you are wrong to imagine that only the cheap bakers in poor neighborhoods practice this atrocious system of robbery. Bones burned to whiteness and ground to a powder are used to adulterate "thirds" flour, which being of a somewhat gritty nature, will disguise the grittiness which it is almost impossible to deprive bones of, be they ever so laboriously ground. This fraud is easily detected; for if much dilute muriatic acid—that is, spirit of salt mixed with water—be poured on such flour there will be an effervescence, or boiling up; and if the liquid be thrown on a filter of paper, the portion which runs through the paper will let fall a heavy white deposit, if pearlash be added.

DULCIA.—We should have thought that in these days of enlightenment no one arrived at years of discretion would need to be told that "evil dreams" are not presages of coming calamities. It may be natural for you to fear that there is "something in them," but then the natural is very often the irrational. That you should both have dreams in the same night is a mere coincidence, arising, probably, from the previous coincidence that you both had too much supper, or eat too soon before going to bed. An interval of an hour between supper and bed-time is not sufficient for persons who are given to dreaming. You should take a substantial meal at least two hours before retiring to rest; and if you find you get hungry during the night you may take a biscuit, or something as light, an hour and a half later. You must be careful in avoiding one extreme not to go to the other, for an empty stomach is as likely to give rise to dreaming as a full one.